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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
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ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS



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DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER, FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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EARLY MORNING SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT PONCE, PUERTO RICO

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ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

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NEW YORK JANUARY FOURTEENTH 1899

ONE of the conundrums which are likely to be answered during the coming year is whether England has succeeded in gaining our lasting friendship and active co-operation simply by refraining from an attempt to prevent us from discharging in Cuba our duty to civilization. The list of positive and aggressive injuries which we have received at the hands of Great Britain in the past is a long one; from no other country upon earth have we received so many provocations. Is the memory of all the wrongs previously experienced to be erased by one merely negative act? Are we to forget all that our forefathers suffered from the passage of the Stamp Act to the attack upon the Chesapeake, and from the devastation of Washington to the outfitting of the Alabama, because, in 1898, England was ashamed to repeat the act which she performed in 1875, and, a second time, to forbid us to deliver our Cuban neighbors from butchery and famine? It remains to be seen whether an international equation can be so quickly and so easily worked out. That would be, indeed, a new way to pay old debts. Now that the war is over, and we are at leisure to settle our balance sheet with the rest of the world, the friendly neutrality observed by England during the year just past will, unquestionably, be appreciated at its full value, but not on that account are we likely to overlook the immeasurably greater debt incurred by us to France during our War for Independence; or the fact, scarcely less worthy of remembrance, that, during our civil war, when the joint intervention of France and England on behalf of the Southern Confederacy was mooted, the Czar Alexander II. not only refused to take part in such a movement, but despatched a Russian fleet to the harbor of New York and a Russian squadron to the Bay of San Francisco. *Est modus in rebus*: there is such a thing as graduated gratitude. As a matter of fact, the American citizens who are disposed to slop over in their expressions of thankfulness that, in March and April, 1898, England was decently reluctant to play for the second time a hostile and disgraceful part, constitute but a small minority in the population of some of our Middle and Northeastern States. Even in that section of the American community, the propensity to gush over England's tardy pretense of amity is repugnant not only to the whole body of Irish-Americans, but also to all those native Americans who prefer Ireland's time-tried sympathy to England's recent assumption of goodwill. As for the vast and preponderant region west of the Ohio and south of the Potomac, not one per cent of its population believes that our score against England has been wiped out because she shrank from openly espousing the cause of Weyerism against the plainest dictates of humanity. By the end of the year, it is probable that most of our effusive Anglophiles will be better able than they are now to comprehend the significance of the reticence observed by President McKinley in his message, which contained not a word about our alleged indebtedness to England, but simply pointed out that we are, for the moment, on cordial terms with that power, as indeed, we are with all other European nations. His critics say that Mr. McKinley keeps his ear close to the ground, in order that he may catch the premonitions of popular opinion. It might have been well for other Presidents in their first term if they had done so.

THERE is one of our new territorial acquisitions to which American citizens will feel no temptation to emigrate. In Hawaii, there seems to be no opening for professional acquirements and abilities, or for skilled, or even unskilled, labor. It is probably true of all countries that there is room at the top, but, in the Hawaiian archipelago, the top is unusually crowded with native-born or long-resident competitors. There are still opportunities for persons commanding large amounts of capital to engage in the production of sugar, coffee and fruit for export,

but those Americans who have considerable sums of money at their disposal would be apt to do quite as well at home. As for lawyers, it is well to remember that the Honolulu bar comprises some seventy members, a number more than great enough to transact all the law business of the country. Of physicians and dentists, there are already as many engaged in private practice as are to be found in communities of similar size in the United States. Of white mechanics, the supply is already larger than the demand. The number of European and American mercantile houses is, even now, out of proportion to the trade of the islands, and they are subjected to sharp competition from the Chinese and Japanese. Skilled domestic service has long been in the hands of the Chinese, and Americans have no chance of ousting them from that field of employment. For all kinds of unskilled labor the market is overstocked, and American citizens would not submit to work for the wages with which the Portuguese and native Hawaiians are content. On the whole, Hawaii will be a good place to stay away from, so far as those of our countrymen who have to earn a living are concerned.

IT SEEMS that the space allotted at the Paris Exposition to the United States, while somewhat smaller than that given by France to her Russian ally, is larger than that assigned to any other country. The American manufacturers of electrical machinery purpose, it is said, to set up a plant valued at a million dollars. It is to be hoped that the inventions, not only of Edison, but also of Nikola Tesla, will be worthily represented. Special attention will be directed to our manufactures of iron and steel, in which we are already able to undersell the rest of the world. Forthcoming, also, will be adequate exhibits of our textile fabrics, of our threads, yarns and tissues; of our furnishings and decorations, and of our chemical products. Our agriculture, foodstuffs, horticulture, forestry, fisheries, placer and quartz mining and metallurgy will be exemplified on an appropriate scale. There will, also, be a large department devoted to our hygienic and sanitary appliances, and another commemorative of our organized public charities. There will, moreover, be a building erected for the display of the achievements of American artists in painting and statuary. Application has even been made for space in which to rear an American theatre and roof garden, wherein it is proposed that all the plays, operas, actors, musicians, scenes and costumes shall be thoroughly American. If all the features of the plan are carried out, the outlay will greatly exceed the sum thus far appropriated by our Federal Government to the purpose. But our expenditures are not likely, in the end, to fall short of those made by Germany, which has already set apart the sum of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to the end that it may be fitly represented at the Paris Exposition.

WE LEARN from a Philadelphia contemporary that Prof. Edwin D. Conklin, who has been instrumental in establishing an animal-experiment station for the University of Pennsylvania, is convinced that there is no reason why monkeys should not be taught to talk in some civilized language. Just which language is best adapted for the purpose, and which species of anthropoid ape should be selected for experiment, has not yet been finally determined. It would, of course, be out of the question to teach a dog to speak, for his vocal organs are not of the proper shape and correlation to produce articulate sounds. The anthropoid apes, on the other hand, or, for that matter, all monkeys, have their human-like vocal organs ready made. Those who doubt the success of the experiment point out that anthropoid apes have not yet brought forth successive generations in captivity, and that, therefore, the effect of teaching on predisposition would not be transmitted. Many scientists, however, believe that captivity is no more an insuperable bar to propagation in the case of the anthropoid apes than it originally was in the case of other animals which have been long since domesticated, and that, consequently, the cumulative effect of environment can be made to tell upon the suitability of the vocal organs of monkeys for articulate speech. This is, at all events, one of many interesting experiments which Prof. Conklin has in view.

THE suggestion of Cardinal Gibbons that the solution of the race problem in the Southern States is to be found in a restriction of the suffrage by the introduction of educational and property qualifications receives unexpected support from Mr. Osborne Hunter, a well educated and influential member of the colored population of the District of Columbia. Of course, the Constitution of the United States forbids any restriction of the franchise on the score of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. It does not prohibit, however, educational and property qualifications; on the contrary, such qualifications obtain in some of the States to-day. No doubt the immediate practical consequence of imposing such restrictions would be to disfranchise a very large proportion of the negro voters; but, as Mr. Hunter has pointed out, the ultimate effect would be salutary to the temporarily disfranchised section of the population. It would powerfully stimulate the negroes to acquire, in the first place, education, and, in the second place, property; and it has almost never been observed that a negro possessed of both education and property has been infected with race antagonism or given trouble to his white fellow-citizens.

THE COMING YEAR

THE twelvemonth preceding that in which nominations for the Presidency are made is always invested with peculiar interest in the United States. For that reason, and because circumstances will constrain us, for the first time, to depart from our policy of isolation, the year 1899 seems likely to be more than ordinarily eventful. That Mr. McKinley will be again nominated by his party for the office of Chief Magistrate appears, at the present hour, indubitable, and, although it is too early to forecast the outcome of an election twenty-two months distant, we may express the opinion that, if the trial at the ballot-box were to take place next week, he would secure a majority of the electoral votes. The economical record of the United States during the last year, and, especially, during the last half of it, has fully justified the claim put forward by Mr. McKinley's friends in 1896 that he, by reason of his personal convictions and of the programme he would represent, would prove the advance agent of prosperity. The fact, unparalleled in our annals, that, in 1898, our exports exceeded our imports by some \$600,000,000, demonstrates that the long-deferred revival of business has occurred, and the further fact that the larger part of that excess must be credited to the closing months of the year indicates that the flood of prosperity will not sensibly abate before the next Presidential election. Much depends, however, upon the choice of a candidate to be made by the Democracy, and even more upon the platform on which it shall go before the people. If the Democratic party again nominates Mr. Bryan, and, if it persists in demanding the free coinage of silver at the arbitrary ratio of 16 to 1, and if it still further undertakes to stem the prevailing current of popular feeling by opposing national expansion, it will almost certainly be beaten at the polls. Should the Democratic party, on the other hand, decide to accept expansion as an accomplished fact; should it confine itself to a demand for bimetallism, without pinning its faith to any particular ratio; and should it put forward as its candidate such a man as Admiral Dewey; it would have a fair chance of repeating the triumph achieved by the Whigs in 1848. Almost all the Northern Whigs, it will be remembered, had opposed the war against Mexico; nevertheless, their national convention in 1848 accepted the outcome of the war, and chose as its standard-bearer one of the heroes of that contest, Gen. Zachary Taylor, a man of neutral or unformed opinions in politics, who, in fact, is believed never to have cast a vote. Thus it came about that the Whig party managed to reap where it had not sown. Should the Democracy be next year as astutely guided, it may have a similar experience. At the hour when we write, however, the prospect is not favorable for the exhibition of such foresight and sagacity; consequently, the attainment of a second term by Mr. McKinley appears probable.

What are the new problems, legislative or administrative, which will confront us in the year now opened? So far as the eight weeks of life remaining to the present Congress are concerned, there is no likelihood of any tariff legislation beyond the correction of certain minor and obvious defects in the existing laws. On the other hand, some preparatory regulations with reference to the census of 1900 may be looked for. The treaty of peace with Spain, which, at one time, was threatened with prolonged and serious opposition, will, it is now believed, be ratified before the present Congress adjourns. The appropriations needed for the establishment of order in Cuba and in our newly acquired dependencies will, of course, be voted. The status of Hawaii will, probably, be settled before March 4 by the passage of one or another of the bills already introduced in Congress for the purpose of carrying out the recommendations of the Hawaiian Commission. A considerable difference of opinion exists with regard to the restrictions which ought to be imposed on the suffrage in the Hawaiian archipelago; those who have made the most careful study of the state of things there believe that a tolerably high property qualification is needed to prevent the more ignorant natives from regaining political ascendancy. Thus far, moreover, there is no agreement with regard to the mode in which the labor question, which, in Hawaii, is an urgent one, should be dealt with. It is, however, of such manifest importance that the present provisional régime should be quickly superseded by a statutory status, that we may expect concurrent action in this matter on the part of the Senate and the House before the present Congress adjourns. On the other hand, it is generally recognized that we have not yet gained sufficient knowledge of the economical, social and political conditions of Puerto Rico to enable us to fix by law the precise relation of that island to the Union. It will be, therefore, left to the Administration during the twelvemonth now begun to devise and enforce in Puerto Rico such arrangements as circumstances may seem, from time to time, to require. So far as tariff regulations are concerned, it is already understood that the status of Puerto Rico will be forthwith assimilated to that of a Territory; that is to say, its products will be interchangeable with those of the United States, duty free. The extent to which the inhabitants of Puerto Rico are capable of self-government is, of course, a matter of experiment; it is said that the test will first be made in the larger municipalities, the smaller towns and rural districts remaining, for the present, under military authority. It is probable that

the New Year will witness a considerable inflow of American capital into Puerto Rico, the certainty that this island will be permanently retained by the United States offering guarantees that Cuba does not afford. Relatively small as Puerto Rico is—it is about the size of Connecticut—its production of sugar, coffee and fruit is susceptible of a good deal of expansion. Its coffee is of a very high grade and commands a commensurate price in Europe, whither almost the whole of it has hitherto been sent. The supply of labor on the island at present exceeds the demand, and there is no reason, therefore, why, after the introduction of improved machinery, the output of cane and sugar should not be signally increased.

There is no reason to believe that in Cuba the re-establishment of order and the revival of agriculture and commerce will be effected with sufficient rapidity to render possible the withdrawal of the United States troops and the erection of an entirely independent government before the year 1900 at the earliest. Here, as in Puerto Rico, the qualifications of the inhabitants for self-rule will, in all likelihood, be first tested by conceding to them control of certain municipalities. Should the event prove that they cannot exercise even such limited authority without wasting or embezzling public funds, or without indulging in barbarous reprisals on resident Spaniards, our acknowledgment of their right to absolute independence will, of course, have to be deferred. We do not believe that such unwelcome proof will be forthcoming, although recent incidents have been construed in certain quarters as indicating that, but for the repressive influence exerted by American soldiers, the evacuation of Havana by the Spaniards might have given the signal for an explosion of riot and massacre on the part of the worst elements of the population, and that we might possibly have witnessed the beginning of a reign of terror, which would not have ended until the educated and property-owning Cubans of Caucasian stock had shared the fate of their brethren in Hayti, where, it will be remembered, a white man is not allowed to vote unless he marries a woman of color. How the bands of insurgents, who, hitherto, have been fighting under the Cuban flag, a flag which has never been recognized by our government, are to be disposed of is a difficult question. They can hardly be expected to disband and give up their arms, most of which, by the way, have been received from the United States, until they obtain at least an installment of their arrears of pay; on the other hand, it is hard to see on what pretext the payment of such installment can be claimed from our government, which holds Cuba merely as a temporary custodian and keeper of the peace. It is possible that the difficulty might be surmounted by giving the former insurgents employment on the public works, which are likely to require the application of both skilled and unskilled labor on a large scale for some time to come. Certain it is that, until some method is devised of preventing the insurgent bands from roaming over the interior and subsisting upon the country, the renewal of Cuba's prosperity through the increased production of her chief staples, sugar and tobacco, will have to be postponed. As it is indispensable that Cuba, during the period of occupation by our forces, should be, as nearly as possible, self-supporting, duties will continue to be levied on American commodities in Cuban ports, but the complex and vexatious provisions of the Spanish tariff will be simplified, and the mistake of discouraging agriculture by the imposition of export duties is unlikely to be perpetuated. Now that the revenues of the island have been relieved by the treaty of peace from the necessity of paying the interest on the so-called Cuban debt, they should, by the end of the present year, not only suffice for the maintenance of the army of occupation, but also leave applicable to education and to public improvements a sum far larger than that which was devoted by the Spaniards to such purposes.

Our position in the Philippines is not complicated by any promise on the part of our government to give the inhabitants absolute independence. We are simply bound by self-respect and by our duty to civilization to give them a far better government than they ever yet possessed, and one, in every respect, as good as they are capable of receiving. There, also, the necessity of making the islands self-supporting will constrain our Executive to impose on American products reaching Philippine ports the same duties which will be levied upon similar commodities coming from foreign countries. That is the kind of "open door" which we ask for in China, and the only kind which can be reasonably required of us in the Philippines. England and other foreign countries will find it an immense improvement upon the state of things which existed under the Spanish régime, when the tariff involved an almost prohibitive discrimination in favor of goods imported from Spain. To what extent our establishment of law and order in the archipelago may be delayed by the Tagal insurgents under Aguinaldo is, as yet, uncertain, and it is possible that their capture of Iloilo may encourage them to a more stubborn resistance than has been hitherto expected. We may look forward with confidence, however, to the removal of all obstruction from this source before the close of the year now opened. By that time, also, we shall have learned what steps are needed to bring about the agricultural and commercial development, of which the islands are capable, and of which a memorable proof has been exhibited by Java under Dutch control during the present century.



FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS

THE EVACUATION OF CUBA; CIENFUEGOS, THE CITY FROM WHICH THE LAST SPANISH TROOPS
WILL EMBARK

1. The Castle, from the Harbor.

2. View from the Plaza.

3. The Cathedral.



Photograph by Edwin Emerson, Jr.

AT ENTRANCE OF BELLAMAR CAVE, MATANZAS, CUBA

CHRISTMAS IN CUBA

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

MATANZAS, Dec. 25, 1898

THE balmy air of Decoration Day somewhere in the blue-grass region of Kentucky or Northern Virginia might give an idea of Christmas weather in Cuba. There is no part of the United States, however, which can reproduce the actual atmosphere of white sunlight, brilliant hues, and evergreen splendor of cactus and palms powdered with dust or mirrored in the translucent indigo of quiet waters. It will be a find for the first American artist who exploits the scenery in water-color or pastel. No need to journey to Italy or the Orient for effects that here lie unexplored at the very threshold of America. What nature has not done has been skillfully added by the Spaniard, and hints of Moorish fancy, or strange shadows of somber Gothic architecture, emphasize the native instincts of the beautiful, in a country already scintillating under the radiant sun of the tropics.

Seen from without, the houses sparkle in bewildering colors ranging from ochre and the favorite sky-blue to indescribable chalk tints of lilac, pale green, salmon-rose, and pink, with white iron balconies, latticed windows and mossy tiled roofs.

The interiors show tiled floors, high ceilings with crossbeams, and cool patios with dark glossy plants and dripping fountains, from which rises a tall palm in solitary height out of the shrubbery.

Beyond the confines of the towns are immense plantations, with superb gardens of tropical foliage surrounded by hedges of cactus, or fibrous trunks. Occasionally a bit of stone wall, over which waves the broad, green leaves of the banana, recall Southern California or St. Augustine. The buildings may have been burned to the ground, and most of the gardens overgrown with rank verdure, wilder than the famous Paradou of Zola, but their former luxuriance appears in the charred ruins of the haciendas and in the tumble-down walls and vase-surmounted posts overhung with blooming vines.

Such is the spectacle presented to our soldiers landing here at Christmas time. I happened to be in the old castle of San Severino yesterday, wondering, while I

leaned over the rampart, just where our ship lay last April at the time of the first Cuban bombardment by Sampson's squadron.

Now our first troopship was to be seen entering the harbor, with its battalion of engineers, the first American forces to land in Matanzas. The homely household existence of the Spanish soldiery occupying the medieval castillo was going on peacefully but a few minutes before, and the few lazy guards above me on the inner ramparts scarce seemed to show more than passing curiosity.

At the wharf I met Captain Biddle of the engineers' staff, sent here in advance to select a suitable camp site for our troops. I learned that the camp was to be established within a day or so on the road over which I had just returned from the old fort, a little westward toward the entrance of the beautiful Yumuri Valley.

On Christmas eve, accordingly, I climbed into a volante—a peculiar combination of old-fashioned chaise, gig, and modern tandem—with the driver, mounted on the leading horse, acting also the part of outrider. I bade the white-clad volante ride me up to the hill on which stands the chapel of Our Madonna of Montserrat, overlooking the valleys of both the Matanzas and the Yumuri rivers. On the rocky road, as we swung around the corners of high-hung gardens or past the gates of once flourishing plantations, I could not but admire the skill of our negro driver, who, without looking backward, whisked the rickety carriage over ridges and sharp turns where no other vehicle could have passed with equal ease.

Once, while spurring up a steep bit of road, the volante's horse went down under him, and the other horse was dragged backward downhill, between the heavy shafts of the enormous wheels, and I jumped out to catch hold of the spokes as a living brake to the cumbersome vehicle. At the same moment the saddle-horse scrambled up and started briskly forward with a strenuous tug on the long-trailing traces, and I had to run to place my foot in the stirrup-like step that dangled from the shaft. As I swung back into the yielding seat of the volante, swaying on its leather springs, we were once more flying over the road in a manner befitting the name of the ancient vehicle.

The Yumuri Valley is said to be one of the most beautiful scenes in Cuba. In truth it is the perfection of the spirit of West Indian scenery, and it recalled to me the vales lying about Santiago de Cuba. According to tradition, the first Spaniard who beheld it expressed a wish to end his days there, and thus gave rise to the name which is supposed to be a native perversion of the Spanish words "I die." Whether this be the true origin or not, it is a place as worthy of its name as Naples is of its similar boast: "Vedi Napoli e mori!"

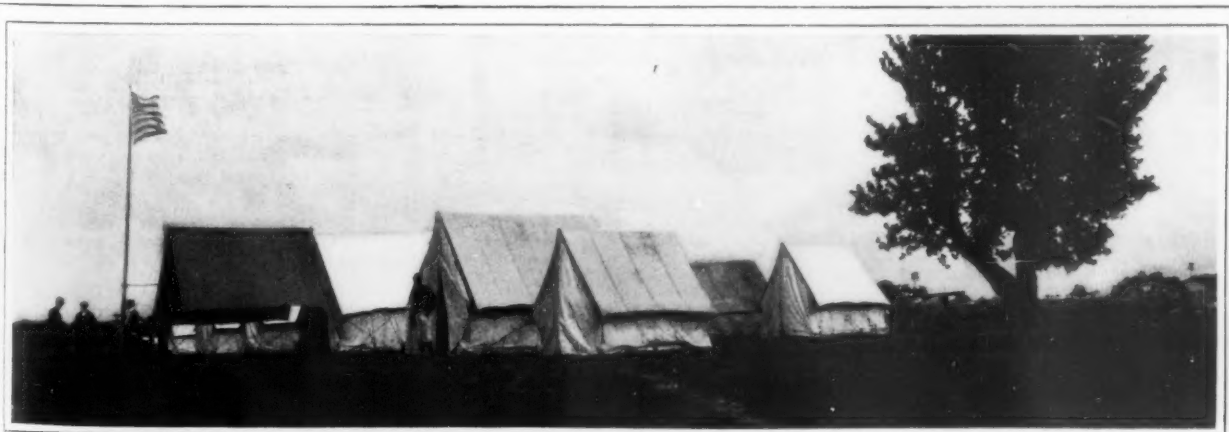
As I saw Yumuri Valley at dusk, with the last slanting rays of the fast-falling sun reflected on the green hills beyond, leaving the tufted coconut palms and wide-spreading ceiba trees of the plain seemingly slumbering in the quiet shadows of the valley where a thin thread of glimmering water was trickling down to the sea, the scene appeared indeed as a Christmas mirage rising up, for the special benefit of our American soldiers, like unto that first beheld by the sailors of Columbus when they sailed into this virgin bay four centuries ago.

At best it made but a sorry Christmas; for our soldiers were too busy pitching their winter quarters to think of holiday making, whereas the natives, here as elsewhere in Cuba, have been left too poor to indulge in Yuletide festivities beyond that of attending the annual midnight mass, when the falsetto voice of a choir-boy is heard mimicking the clarion cry of the cock that crew on the morn of the birth of Christ.

As for the Spaniards, their Christmas practically comes at Twelfth Night, notwithstanding the clerical observance of the day; for it is not until then that presents are generally interchanged and the little children put their shoes out on the balconies and doorsteps to be filled with dulcerias and juguetes by the Three Kings or Wise Men from the East riding overnight.

This year, I fancy that the 6th day of January will also be a great day of rejoicing among the Cubans and the American soldiers garrisoned here; for by that time, it is hoped, all the remaining Spaniards will have left these shores, and Cuba will have ceased to be a mere Ultramar to Spain.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



Photograph by Edwin Emerson, Jr.

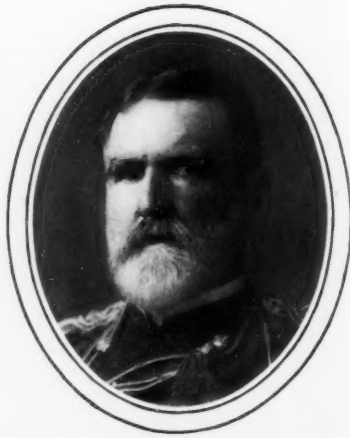
HEADQUARTERS OF UNITED STATES ENGINEERS' CAMP, MARIANAO, NEAR HAVANA



MAJ.-GEN. WILLIAM LUDLOW,
The new Military Governor of Havana.



MAJ.-GEN. A. R. CHAFFEE,
Chief of Staff to General Brooke, Cuba.



MAJ.-GEN. J. C. BATES,
Commander of Santa Clara Province, Cuba.



CAPTAIN F. A. COOK,
Commander of the Brooklyn, Havana.



COMMODORE J. W. PHILIP,
Naval Commander at Havana.



CAPTAIN C. D. SIGSBEE,
Commander of the Texas, Havana.

MEN OF THE WEEK

OUR NOTE-BOOK

THE BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY recently incorporated at Albany, not, as we are informed, with any snobbish view, but for purposes of genealogical research, is one of those many things which fill long-felt wants. It has excited hilarity, but only among the impolite. It may excite envy, too, but only among the left-out-in-the-cold. Everybody who is anybody will, in course of time and the payment of dues, receive from it a status more definite than the Social Register provides. It will tell who is who, and why and when and wherefore. This is as it should be. People come here, ask us to dine, ask us to dance, ask even to dance with us, and who the devil they are nobody knows and, what is more reprehensible, nobody cares. All this the Biographical Society will put a stop to. It will bring clubmen and women-about-town on such terms with hosts and hostesses as will enable them to go so far as to be decently civil. That won't be the millennium, but it will run it pretty close. Nor is that all. It will do a great deal toward dissipating the affected and long since effete republican disdain of quarterings, family trees and ensigns armorial. Recently a gentleman without an enemy in the world or an idea in his head was discoursing on the subject of the power and prowess of his ancestors. When he was quite exhausted, a person who shall be nameless said: "It seems to me that the best part of you is underground." That was very rude. Recently, too, another gentleman, equally amiable, equally gifted, was with great satisfaction unwinding the beautiful skein of his descent. "See here," some one else, who shall be also nameless, interrupted, "I don't care a rap about my own ancestors, fancy how interested I must be in yours." That was simply brutal. All of which the Biographical Society will do away with. Gentlemen will no longer need to tell who they are and run the risk of being mortified in so doing. This institution will tell it for them and, it is to be hoped, with just as many flights of the imagination.

MR. ROBERT HARGOUS, a New Yorker by accident, a Venetian by choice, who recently has been pleasuring Fifth Avenue, occupies, on the S in water commonly called the Grand Canal, a casa which he, the gondoliers and Mr. Baedeker join in attributing to Desdemona. It may be that they are right. In any event, supposing

them to be wrong, supposing that the lady lived around the corner, or over the way, or on the Rialto, it would not matter much, would it? The trouble is that the Commendatore Levi, an Italian historian, is producing letters from Iago which he declares show that Desdemona was not all that fancy and Shakespeare painted her, that she hoodwinked Othello and died a wicked old widow. That is hard on Mr. Hargous. It takes the charm from the *Salce dimora cast' e pura* which we assume it has been his custom to sing to the walls. But because Levi happens to be an historian it does not follow that fiction is stranger to him than truth. On the contrary. It is, however, by his works we shall judge him. The Commendatore relates that during the demolition of a palace, documents were found outlining the record of the final years of Venice's dominion over Candia and mentioning Othello as the last governor of the island. From indications which these documents contained Levi was enabled to acquire a bundle of contemporaneous letters. The latter proved to have been written by Iago. From them he learned that after Desdemona's marriage to Othello she accompanied him to Candia; that later, when the island was besieged by the Turks, the lady returned alone to Venice, that there she met another, a dearer one yet, a third, perhaps fourth; that ultimately, when Candia was taken, Othello supervened, that inconsiderately he beat her, considerably died, and that the details of Desdemona's inconsequences and Othello's reprisals carried to the court of Queen Elizabeth were there gathered by Shakespeare, who did them all over and set them up anew. There is a beautiful romance. Details of Desdemona's inconsequences and of Othello's reprisals indeed reached the court of Elizabeth. They arrived there when Shakespeare was an infant in arms. They were forwarded by Giovannibattista Giraldi Cinthio.

CINTHIO was guilty of a hundred novels and a thousand crimes. For literary purposes he went about here and there collecting scandals which he set up in black and white. In default of linen from his neighbor, sometimes he washed his own. In a pretty woman he saw not her eyes but a plot, and from her heart he proceeded to dig it. There is the good old realistic method. Were it observed to-day fiction would be less trite. It was in the observance of this process that the tale of Othello appeared. The volume in which it is contained is called the "Hecatomithi." In the same volume is the plot of "Measure for Measure." Previously there had appeared the story of Romeo and of Juliet, which Luigi da Porto got at the baths of Caldera from a Veronese gossip. Incidentally, there appeared "Sir John Oldcastle," who was the

father of Falstaff; Lodge's "Rosalinde," who was the mother of "As You Like It"; Greene's "Doratus," from whence came "The Winter's Tale." There were these, there are others. Shakespeare took them all. He sacked everybody right and left, and gloried in it. He was not a thief, he was an expansionist. The territories which he annexed he made part and parcel of his immortal realm. That is the way he treated Cinthio's "Othello." Barring the climax, the story is all reproduced and yet in it all is altered. The same episodes are there, but in them is a spirit which they lacked. In presenting the same characters he made them flesh and blood. In the story they are dummies. In the drama they are divine. But to return to Levi. According to this gentleman and his papers, when Candia was taken by the Turks Othello left the island and proceeded to beat his wife. This is very interesting, particularly as Cinthio's story appeared in 1565, Shakespeare's play in 1604, and the capture of Candia occurred in 1669. At that time Othello could not have been less than one hundred and twenty-five years old, and Desdemona must at least have been a hundred and ten. At an age so mature we may assume that all her wild oats had been sown. Even otherwise, Othello must have been too feeble to beat her and too resigned to care. Apart from these objections, Levi's surmises seem to us full of charm. But he has mistaken his vocation. He ought to write novels.

D'ANNUNZIO'S latest, "Il sogno d'un tramonto d'autunno," or "Dream of an Autumn Eve," recently published in Milan, reminds us of a Greek play which we won't cite in order that we may not seem to know more than we do. But though the construction is antique the story is medieval, quite simple and impossible also. The scene occurs in a park. The time is October. The foliage is blushing red, because, perhaps, of what it has beheld in August. The period is Dogian. From a loggia, too richly cushioned, a lady leans and laments. She has killed her husband. It is not that which distresses her, but the fact that a young man, with whom she had planned to pass the accruing leisure, is interested elsewhere. All of which is not Dogian merely, but every-day. Here the plot thickens. With malice aforethought, the lady employs a sorceress, who, through the artifices of the higher magic, destroys the palace in which the young man is idling, and with the palace the young man and the party of the second part, too. That is all. The charm of the poem (*poema tragico*)—for a charm it has, and a charm undeniable at that—is the language. One may rummage through literature in vain for anything more feverish. The tale which the lady tells of her



Photograph by a Staff Officer

THE EVACUATION OF CUBA

MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA—DEPARTURE OF FIRST AMERICAN MILITARY VISITORS SINCE THE WAR BEGAN

love for the young man possesses a poignancy which Mr. Swinburne has not exhibited. We don't wonder that the youth went elsewhere. It is always annoying to be frantically adored. Volcanoes are entertaining, but only from afar. Passion disquiets, it does not allure. And yet of passions such as this—passions, we must not forget to remember, which are compounded of ink, of a grain of Sadism, the temperament known as artistic, and the Italian sky—D'Annunzio is master. Yet though a master, his instrumentation sounds not thin but cracked. It jars on ears not Latin.

D'ANNUNZIO wrote in verse before he discovered that prose is more difficult. But his early verse is excellent. We assume that his inkstand was an aviary filled with songbirds that trilled to him lays of modern Rome. He listened, put them on paper, made them quite heady, pagan in sentiment as in beauty, and, on handing them out, as he happened to be young, good-looking and well-born, he found himself, like Byron, in a position to toss monogrammed handkerchiefs where he chose. That is what fame means to young poets. Occasionally to old ones. Afterward came his novels, recently his plays. Through them all, passion pours in a manner comparable only to lava. Considered as a theme there is nothing heavier. Moreover, like Burgundy, it is no longer fancied. Shandy gaffs of elegance and vin but is what is wished to-day. Primeval Adam and primitive Eve circulate as before, but fashion has decreed not alone that they shall be properly attired but that they shall be elaborately garbed. The adventures of Cupid are identical. He used to be naked and unashamed. Subsequently he got a coating of dirt. At present he is just the same vicious little chap as before, but his wardrobe is complete. His trousers come from Saville Row, his shirts from the Rue de la Paix. He never says a word that could not be shrieked through a bullroar. C'est un petit monsieur à la mode. All of which D'Annunzio has not entirely appreciated. His prose is not always genteel. But it has a saving grace. In the passion in which it splashes the lack of allure is psychological and exact. Melancholy sits hand-in-hand with love. In providing Chamberlain he heightens the taste for champagne. Though not in the business we are just as well pleased.

Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL'S "Collections and Recollections" was, of last year's books, the liveliest of the many which we did not read, but which we cordially commended to others. The thanks which we have since received encourage us in the performance of our duty. Gathering now that Dean Pigou's "Phases" is equally read-

ble, we cordially commended it also. Like Mr. Russell, the Dean is rumored to be full of fun. Here is an instance of his humor. Receiving one day by way of advertisement a sample box of pheasant food, he addressed the transgressor as follows: "Sir—There is no pheasant with whom I have so much as a bowing acquaintance. Should one honor me with a visit, the food you have sent would last him to the age of Methuselah. In that case, should he and I live so long, I will again write to you." The Dean avers that on the morrow he received the following reply: "Sir—As it is evident from your esteemed favor that you do not keep pheasants, we beg to recommend our dog biscuits." This, of course, is all too good to be true.



BISMARCK'S MEMOIRS might be very interesting. But that is the case with most books. The books that might be are always superior to the books that are. At present writing the only exceptions that occur to us are a few bank-books which we wot of but do not possess. These Memoirs belong to the rule. The things which Bismarck could have told and did not would form not a volume but a library. For instance, there is no mention of the present Kaiser. It is English—as English is spoken—to say that Bismarck has cut him dead. History will be less rude—at first. Wilhelm II. will pass into chronicles, then into chapters, then into footnotes, then into oblivion. Time will not treat the old Chancellor in that fashion. Ages hence students in looking back over the panorama of the past will see here and there a few giants calling to each other across the centuries. Among the tallest will be Bismarck. After Sedan, when he rode up to Napoleon III. the latter whitened beneath his paint. "Was he thinking," Bismarck queries, "of that Prince de Condé who after being made a prisoner was shot?" Elsewhere he is less suggestive. But that is the fault of the memorialist. Busch makes him declaim, makes him even tearful, and fancy the iniquity of that. One day, finding him morose, he asks the reason. "I have done much harm," Bismarck answers, "a great deal of harm. I have brought about three great wars. I have had killed in battle eighty thousand men. But all that," Busch makes him add, "is a matter between me and God." And Busch observes—and notes—a tear trickling down the bulldog face of the iron man. Busch should take to fiction.



"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"—who added up make four—are bawling and brawling again over the London stage. We hope for the chance to see them at it here. From the shock of their swords and the splendor of their strength real melodrama unrolls. Long ago, when in serial form they first appeared, people fought for copies in the

streets. Through them Dumas discovered a process—one never known before—how to entertain young and old, rich and poor, high and low alike. Unfortunately, the secret of its application died with him. Troubadours, fabulists, minnesingers, novelists, weavers of romance, writers of stories short and long, we have always with us, but Dumas is the un eclipsed enchanter still. The statement sounds rash. It has the merit of being exact. Though a generation has come and gone since he died, to-day he sells better than any other French author. There is the test, and, what is more, there is fame. The latter Dumas enjoyed here below and swore great oaths he would enjoy there above. He was proud as a peacock, proud with a pride infantile and endearing. When his son produced the "Dame aux Camélias" he leaned from a box and shouted in reply to the calls for the author, "Behold his father!" Then he went home and formally, in the third person, as though he were a stranger, wrote congratulating him on his success. "I am much honored," the son wrote back, "to receive praise from one of whom I have heard my father speak so highly." The story is old and may not be true, but it is worth repeating. So, too, are "The Three Musketeers," so also is "Monte Cristo." It is high time we had them both here again. The pity is we can't have the author.



THE NEPHILA MADAGASCARIENSIS is a purple spider with pink eyes. Except entomologists, nobody knows it by that name. Its home is an island in the Indian Ocean. There it is called the Halabe. Like other spiders, its principal occupation is catching flies and eating them. Incidental thereto is the weaving of webs. The latter, a pale crocus, have a shimmer of gold. They are very pretty, quite ornamental, and, as it now appears, promise to be seen elsewhere than at Tamatave. Some time ago a dress was made from them. It was immaterial as a moonbeam and beautiful as a rainbow. A lady put it on. As her complexion was chocolate, it must have been becoming. In it she was crowned Queen of Madagascar. Subsequently a party of Frenchmen passed that way. They removed the headgear, but they left the gown. Though deposed, she wore it still. It may be that she had no other. Women with a hundred frocks have sworn that they had not a stitch to their backs. She may have been like unto them. Some queens are dowds. Others lead the fashion. This lady set one. Other Frenchmen passed that way. The dress they beheld and, beholding, admired. The rumor of the beauty of the sheen and translucence of it they carried back with them to Paris. Now it is reported that by Eastertide the most modish of ruedelapaixian confections will be silks woven from the crocus webs of fat and faraway purple, pink-eyed spiders.

EDGAR SALTUS.



Photographs copyrighted, 1898, by Aimé Dupont
MME. EAMES AS ELSA



MDLE. DE LUSSAN AS JULIETTE



MME. MULBA AS MARGUERITE

THE OPERA SEASON

THE lobby and corridors of the Metropolitan Opera House would seem, in the present season, to be the place of rendezvous for music-lovers from every quarter of the globe. The Grand Opera at Paris or Covent Garden itself does not present a more cosmopolitan mingling of races. One hears a group of enthusiastic Italians on one side and emphatic Germans on the other discussing, with an impartiality that is new, the music dramas of Wagner, the florid melodies of Rossini, or the lofty charms of the polished Gounod. Musical fervor is no longer expended in a strife for supremacy; for, thanks to the brilliant manager who now controls the operatic forces, every musical school is given its best possible representation. Whether it be of the French, the German, or the Italian school, the artists are at hand who will reveal its choicest and most salient features. Gounod, as interpreted by MM. de Reszke and Saléza, Mesdames Sembrich and Melba, is a ravishing delight. His graceful, haunting, melodious expression of the tragic story of "Romeo and Juliette," whether voiced by De Reszke and Sembrich or by Saléza and Melba, is a revelation of perfect lyrical artistry with but a straw to balance the weight of preference toward either pair of artists. The straw, however, is there, and weighs in favor of Jean de Reszke, ripe, full, and tender-voiced artist that he is, unsurpassed vocally and almost unapproached dramatically. It is out of the contemplation of his perfect art, his surpassing voice, that a new respect grows for the work of his young competitor and probable successor, Saléza, who scarcely suffers by (musical) comparison and who in special places gives

an unprecedented dramatic fire and finish to the part of the young Roman lover.

Jean de Reszke's reappearance in New York is one of the most memorable events of the present remarkable season. His coming back was marked by an ovation which continued throughout several hours. His rendering of the music of Romeo is well known. He has invested the part with a never-to-be-forgotten vocal charm. This season his work possesses the same vocalic splendor and perfection, and the music he sings to is played upon the heartstrings of his hearers.

Mme. Sembrich, who sang the Juliette to M. de Reszke's Romeo, was a delightful support to the great tenor, but is not endowed with the physical qualifications which may compete with those possessed so richly by the charming Juliette who had been heard previously this season. Nevertheless, her vocalism is so pure, so sure, so unapproachable in *finesse*, and her acting so free, conscientious, and refined, that her performance of this character must be classed as a very pure jewel among the string of notable Juliettes of the present time.

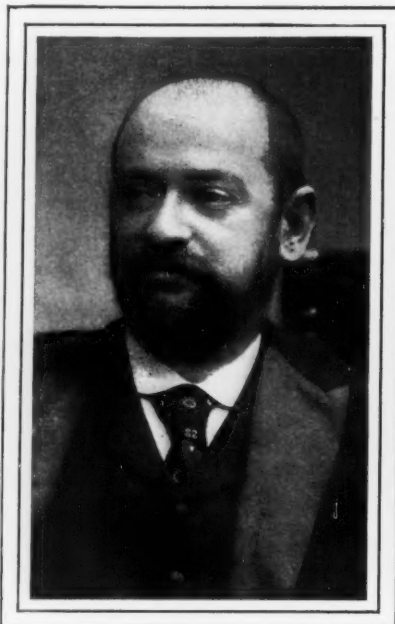
The singing out of two leading artists from a caste wholly composed of worthy artists is a delicate matter, for mingling vividly with the recollections of the rare work of Jean de Reszke and Mme. Sembrich comes the echo of Edouard de Reszke's imposing investiture of the part of Frère Laurent. His "Romeo, prends tu Juliette pour femme?" is an exceedingly impressive bit of chanting. His propounding of a similar question to the kneeling Juliette and her responsive "Oui, mon pere!" leads up to an excellent bit of quartet work in which the several singers engaged in it did some exceedingly fine singing.

Pol Plançon was a dignified Capulet, and the work of a new Mercutio who had come over from the Ellis Company in Philadelphia to substitute for M. Albers (this artist being a victim of the prevailing grippe) was exceedingly spirited. Jacques Bars, too, at all times a handsome and sometimes a musical Tybalt, was in his best form.

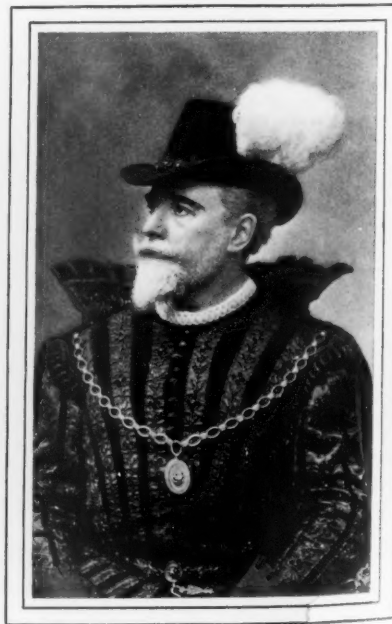
At the fourth performance of "Die Walküre," Mme. Lilli Lehmann made her reappearance as Brünnhilde, a part which made this artist famous when Wagnerian music swept with dominating power over musical circles in America; and notwithstanding the frequent performance of this opera there was no diminution in numbers in the audience nor in the zest with which it listened to the impressive work of the company. With the exception of Mme. Lehmann, the cast was the same excellent one which has been heard before in this opera; but there was a noteworthy improvement in the work of several of the singers, which was felt and appreciated by the sympathetic audience. M. van Dyck as Siegmund displayed a welcome delicacy in the "Moon Song" and subsequent duet with Sieglinde—a quality which has heretofore been lacking in his work; and his animalism, which at times ousts poetry from his impersonations, was perceptibly toned down. Such powers as M. van Dyck displayed in this performance would lead one to suppose that, notwithstanding this tenor's faulty tone-emission and unconvincing vocalism generally, he nevertheless has *temperament*, which, held in check or released intelligently, would presently entitle him to a higher rank than he has yet succeeded in winning from his American hearers. Up to the present, he has displayed carelessly conceived dramatic expression, and an indifferent vocalism which suggests



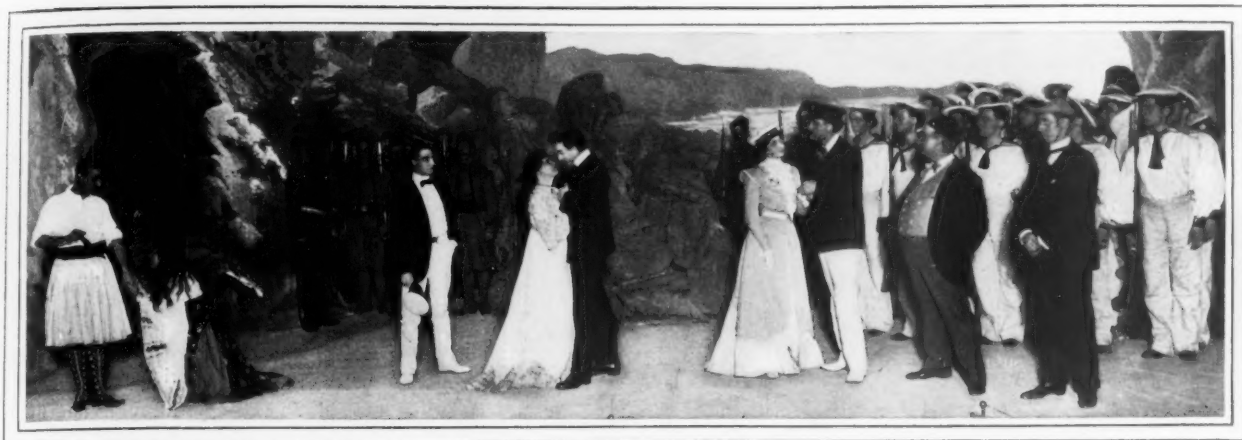
Photographs copyrighted, 1898, by Aimé Dupont
JEAN DE RESZKE AS RAOUL



MAURICE GRAU, DIRECTOR OF OPERA COMPANY



POL PLANCON AS SAN BATHIS



EMPIRE THEATRE—"PHROSO": SCENE FROM ACT IV.

THE DRAMA

hasty preparation. As seen in "Die Walküre," Mme. Farnes is one of the most lovely visions ever appearing upon the stage. She warns to her work in Sieglinde as in no other character, and sings and acts with a pathos and richness that is absolutely flawless. Lempiere Fringle's impersonation of Hunding has greatly improved since this artist's first appearance. His tones are open, and never does he offend with untrue singing.

Mme. Lehmann's Brünnhilde, the event of the performance, is as majestic as ever and of an even excellence as to vocalism, although the same catch in the voice which has always been an element detrimental to an unalloyed enjoyment of this singer's art, is still heard, and time has not stood still with the German cantatrice since her last appearance in the character; but the splendid, big, resonant quality of voice has never been more beautiful and her interpretation of the Valkyre was as impressive as ever. If there be any criticism to make upon it, it happens because Mme. Lehmann's work comes into so quick a comparison with the Brünnhilde of Mme. Nordica, a younger singer, who has made the most of her opportunities for studying the older artist's methods and improving upon certain minute passages in a way to accentuate her own performance and render it almost incomparable. Several of these points have slipped by Mme. Lehmann's consideration. Take, for example, the scene where Wotan groans his despair and sinks under a terrible melancholy. Here Mme. Nordica makes a most telling effect. She approaches the sorrowing god and pours out an indescribably rich sympathy as she sings "Vater, ich bin Dir treu! Sieh! ich bin Brünnhilde!" A very wealth of love and tenderness is expressed in her utterance of these sentences. Mme. Lehmann slights this opportunity even to hastiness, and yet its possibilities and importance have been so excellently shown that a failure to develop them leaves a weakness in the portrayal, which is palpable at once to critical hearers who have heard the full depth of tenderness to which the passage lends itself.

Herr Van Rooy continues to be the most wonderful Wotan of his time. There is a pervading majesty in his presence, an even, imperturbable dignity of voice and of phrasing which is as refreshing as it is remarkable. There are some local singers among the list of "Walküren," the work of one of whom, Mme. Fleming-Hurichs, stands out, with that of Maud Roudez (a member of the regular company), with fine distinctness, in the superbly rendered chorus of "Walküren." Herr Schalk is proving himself to be not only a masterly Wagnerian conductor, but a sympathetic and poetic interpreter of the great German composer's work.

Wagner's great love drama, "Tristan and Isolde," was the occasion of Jean de Reszke's second appearance this season, and a more enthusiastic audience has never left the opera house. At the close of the last act, the curtain was raised eight times, the singers being obliged to respond again and again after this before the clamoring audience finally consented to leave the auditorium. No such puissant or poetical performance of German opera has ever been given in New York. De Reszke's Tristan is powerful and absolute, and the Isolde of Lillian Nordica was a companion piece in vocal and dramatic beauty. David Bispham's Kurwenal was the finest portrayal this character has ever received. His voice was delightfully resonant and sympathetic, and his acting of the character aroused most intense admiration. His work in the third act beside the dying Tristan was strikingly true and convincing. Mme. Meisslinger deserves the utmost praise for her rendering of Brangaene. This singer is handicapped by a disappointing tendency to sharp singing, and has a certain displeasing angularity of action which interposes continually between her really good work and a criticism of it; yet there are portions of this artist's voice which are thrillingly beautiful, and of her dramatic intensity and earnestness there can be no question. Edouard de Reszke as King Marke was splendidly impressive, and the alluring harmonies and elusive suggestions of strange and witching melodies which lie among the violins and strings generally in this masterly composition were quickened into life by the scholarly intelligence of Herr Schalk.

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN has opened the regular dramatic season of his stock company at the Empire Theatre with a version of Anthony Hope's "Phroso," made in collaboration by three successful dramatists—Anthony Hope himself, Edward Rose, and H. V. Esmond. When I saw it, on the fourth night, the performance was followed by a large audience with an apparently absorbed interest. So I suppose it's a success. Well, it would be hard to explain the success of many a better play. I had no difficulty in understanding why the schoolboys, who sat in front of me, reveling in their Christmas holidays, took delight in it; the exciting episodes, untrammelled by considerations of human life or of probability, might have been devised to make a direct appeal to the boy nature. But how rational men and women could accept such rubbish—that's the mystery! Not that there is anything harmful in the play, you know. It is simply preposterous, foolish, built up with straw characters and faked episodes. You cannot possibly take an intelligent enjoyment in it. I agree with an actor who said to me after the performance: "Such pieces are mere lumber that occupy room on the stage and keep off better work."

So far as the drama relates to the play, the task of making the stage version has been well accomplished. Of course, some of the chief incidents, notably the great race between the boats, had to be left out. But there are dramatic, or rather theatrical, situations in plenty. As soon as the curtain rises, Mr. Hope introduces us to the Great House at Neopolia where we speedily witness the murder, by Constantine, of the Lord of the Island. Then Lord Wheatley, the new owner of the island, comes in, followed by his cousin, Denny, and, to the astonishment of those who are familiar with the book, by the girl he is betrothed to, Beatrice Hipgrave, and by his friend Bennett Hamlyn. We speedily perceive that Beatrice is in love with Hamlyn; so we are in the mood to give Wheatley free rein for any new sentiment. Altogether, the placing of Beatrice on the island was a clever stroke. The fight between Wheatley and the resentful natives for the control of the island develops in short order, and from the moment when Phroso, disguised as a boy, is carried into the Great House, the play fairly teems with romance and action till the union of Wheatley and Phroso at the close. It would be futile to consider the piece bit by bit; such a work, if accepted at all, must be accepted blindly. But I must make a reference to the feeble efforts to relieve the tension with humor. I wonder which of the three dramatists was responsible for the dialogue; it was altogether unworthy of Hope, who has written some of the most sparkling dialogue in modern literature.

The four acts were prettily staged, and the leading actors had great chances to exploit themselves. But I always feel sorry for actors who play in pieces of this kind. They probably would not thank me; some of them, I know, revel in such work. The fact remains that bad material tends to give actors bad tricks, just as good material, such as Pinero's for example, tends to make them simple and natural. When an actor has to deliver stilted language, it is hard for him not to assume a stilted manner. Mr. William Faversham, who plays Lord Wheatley, is a case in point. Whenever he had easy colloquial speeches, he delivered them like a man; when he had occasion to be intense and emotional, he spoke—well, like the conventional melodramatic actor. In his intense scenes, too, he kept lifting up his shoulders in a most astonishing way; the effect was grotesque, even painful. As for the new leading woman, who played Phroso, Miss Jessie Millward, she was a sad disappointment. When Miss Viola Allen left the company at the close of last season, in order to lead a company of her own, Mr. Frohman took the trouble to go to England for her successor. So it was natural that we should expect to find in Miss Millward an actress of superior abilities. But we had actresses of our own younger and more gifted. Why was it, I wonder, that Mr. Frohman passed over Miss Blanche Walsh, not to speak of several other young

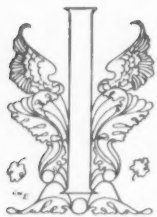
American actresses who might worthily have filled the position? Miss Millward is a woman of ripe experience, who made her debut in this country more than a dozen years ago when Henry Irving first came here. Later she acted as leading woman with Mr. A. M. Palmer's stock company, and for one season she starred here. Since her return to the English stage she has played with Irving and she has devoted several seasons to melodrama at the London Adelphi. Her work at the Adelphi may partly explain her present exaggerated and affected methods, which obscure her natural talent. How strange it is that an actress, after years of association with Ellen Terry, whose art is such an exquisite revelation of the beauty of fidelity to nature, should resort to the old stage tricks and shams! However, Miss Millward played with a good deal of effectiveness and she looked picturesque. Young Mr. Joseph Wheelock assumed the part of Wheatley's cousin and made the vivacious English lad absolutely American in looks, in bearing, and in speech. As Constantine, Mr. Guy Standing, a good actor in straight juvenile parts, was woefully miscast. In spite of his earnest efforts, he could not overcome his lack of the necessary qualifications. The character should have been assigned to a deep-voiced actor who could make himself look like a ruffian. Mr. Standing might improve his make-up considerably by sacrificing his carefully nurtured mustache. A word of commendation should be given to Miss Eleanor Moretti for the intensity that she put into the small part of Constantine's wife. The subordinate characters, on the whole, were very well handled, the part of the old Lord of the Island, who makes a very brief appearance, being modestly assumed by that excellent actor, Mr. W. H. Compton. On the German stage, leading players often take small parts; but our actors, as a rule, are much more laughty.

A short time ago, when it was announced that Sir Henry Irving was seriously ill, the question, "Who will his successor be?" must have occurred to thousands of people. To those familiar with theatrical life, there can have been one answer only—J. Forbes Robertson. For several seasons this comparatively young actor has stood in direct succession to Irving, and his recent notable advancement has been greatly assisted by the generosity of Irving himself, who, both as artist and as man, seems to rise far above the prejudices and jealousies that afflict so many of the even great figures on the stage. In this country Mr. Robertson is known through his appearances as leading man with Miss Mary Anderson, during Miss Anderson's first American tour after her successes in England, and by his performance of the leading juvenile part in "Thermidor" during the run of the piece in New York. His work here showed that he was of the best leading juveniles of his time; he gave the impression of being not only a cultivated man, but a player of strong temperament, keen intelligence, and exceptional artistic judgment. Since coming forward in England at the head of his own company, he has had a few triumphs, several failures, and several successes of esteem. His greatest triumph was won, strange to say, as Hamlet, about which nearly all the critics had something favorable to say. His recent production, "Macbeth," must be set down as, if not a failure, then a very mild success of esteem. There is no doubt that the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who has been associated as co-star with all of Mr. Robertson's productions, is an absolute failure. This lady first came into prominence a half-dozen years or so ago by her wonderfully felicitous performance of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. This success, though she has since had many excellent opportunities, she has never repeated. The production had at least one brilliant feature in the performance of Macduff by the well-known American actor, Mr. Robert Taber. I distinctly remember the first time I saw Mr. Taber. It was about a dozen years ago, when he was playing small parts in Madame Modjeska's company. Not long before he had come out of one of the New York schools for the training of actors. He was then an extremely handsome boy, with a refined and attractive manner, and he played with a certain air of distinction. He advanced rapidly, and he soon became leading man with Julia Marlowe, with whom he acted continuously for several seasons.

JOHN D. BARRY.

THE BATTLE SONG OF PEACE

BY EDGAR FAWCETT



SAW, in a dream of the years to be, how
Peace, with her gaze aglow,
Shall throne herself on a throne too firm for
earthquakes to overthrow.

I heard how the chords of her great gold
harp shall wait on her white hand's
flash,
With music now like the break of a brook
and now like the whirlwind's crash.

Then her voice, in my vision, skyward soared, with sublimity of
release,
And she sang me her song that the world awaits. 'Twas the
Battle Song of Peace.

* * * * *

"Day had come. Fate had fixed it. No tarriance, now; no
maneuver of shift and screen;
Only two vast armies face to face, with a vast bare plain
between.

"Ere the reddening east from startled stars their last vague
silver stole,
I unsheathed my sword, bade our clarions play and our drums
defiance roll.

"At the enemy's lines full speed we plunged; they marked us,
intent to spring;
And then, while the lurid sun lurched up, did our battle reel
and ring.

"My troops of Charity massed their might as the great gales
mass the tide,
And shoulder to shoulder poured hot shot on the ranks of
Civic Pride.

"With homespun serge o'er their stout young hearts, my hordes
of Humanity dashed
At the dainty and picked-out clans of Caste, white-gauntleted,
silken-sashed.

"Sharp-shooters all were the soldieries of Ambition, Hate and
Greed;
They sidled rearward, they slipped like snakes, while scattering
deadly seed.

"But the Warriors Born were bolder far; they pushed us with
haughty stress,
Till shelled by our batteries on the heights, from Fort Loving-
Kindliness.

"To Order and Wisdom and Law, stanch Aides, I would mur-
mur my brief commands,
And lightning-like would they leap to obey through our smoke-
entangled bands.

"The Makers of Money from Politics were a cohort fierce and
foul,
But our Makers of Money from Honest Toil held chat with
them, cheek by jowl.

"The Cut-Throats Commercial were firm at first, but we routed
them till they ran,
With our big battalions of Peace on Earth, our brigades, 'Good
Will to Man.'

"Then at last from a woodside's muffling boughs, on their
steeds that reared and neighed,
The Scorners of Arbitration rushed, an imperious cavalcade.

"'Have at them!' I heard old Justice cry, through the fitful
dins and flares,
And his horsemen, bannered 'Thou Shalt not Kill,' came thun-
dering thick on theirs.

"All the air clashed, roared; it was wrath against wrath; it
was frenzy with frenzy at bay;
They were fighting to keep the whole world in their clutch;
we were fighting to tear it away.

"Of our strength we were trustful, yet dared not exult, for we
knew them a host grim and strong,
And we knew that though ours was the right, still the right
had too oft been o'erwhelmed by the wrong.

"So the turmoils of onslaught grew terribler yet, while from
zenith to verge the sun passed,
And I wondered his globe did not pause for sheer awe, and
like Joshua's watch us aghast.

"But by eve strife had ended; the conquest was ours; all oppo-
nents that yet lived had fled. . .
As I leaned on my sword in the dimness, I heard many voices
that called 'War is Dead.'

"Then they brought me to where archangelic he lay, on a
sweep of the blood-soaked sod,
With the hilt of a shattered blade in his hand, with the brows
and brawn of a god.

"And I stooped, stung by pity, beside his grand form, while
the zephyrs of twilight veered south,
And I that am woman, I, Peace, laid my lips on his cruel and
beautiful mouth.

"And I said: 'Throw about him the purples of pomp; let his
tomb like a king's be built;
Let the fame of his courage be legended clear, but forbear to
emblazon his guilt.'

"Nay, to them grouped about me with marveling looks, from
the deeps of my pity I said:
'Though alive I have loathed him through thousands of years,
thus I pardon him now, being dead!'"

OF REAL VALUES

ALSO THE IMPORTANCE OF THE EMOTIONS, AND
INCIDENTALLY OF LOVERS AND MEN
OF BUSINESS



OF ANY ONE who, by grace of
nature, or by taking thought,
is able to regard human life
with relatively ingenuous and
unsophisticated eyes, nothing
is more bewildering, and in-
deed startling, than the crazy-
ness of the scale of values
regulating so-called important
and unimportant things. Be-
ginning maybe with a respect-
ful faith that society must
have arrived at its present
curious method of assessment,

as the result of a long series of observations, the law
of which we have yet to master, and though indeed
here and there we may come upon false values in which
we dimly discover the fading traces of values once real,
but no longer life-giving and long since forgotten, we
soon realize that it is not law we have to consider,
but an anarchy in which the active element is vul-
garity and passive superstition. Broadly speaking,
vulgarity has made our prices and superstition keeps
them up.

One of the dreams of the German philosopher
Nietzsche was to make what he called "a Trans-
valuation of all the Values." Perhaps he was hardly
the man to do it; perhaps no one man would be the
man to do it; for value, though perhaps mainly a
recognition of innate precious qualities in certain
objects and moments and activities, is also to a certain
degree a social hall-mark—though only to be accepted
as such when the society is mainly composed of units

capable of apprehending real and not merely false
values.

What is a real and what is a false value? Without
delaying to make all those qualifications which most
definitions demand, we might hazard that that is a
real value which is real to our sincere selves and at the
same time accepted as real by the finest spirits of the
race.

Most current values are based upon money, and
though, of course, all money values are not false, as
sometimes representing force of character, skill, right
ambition and laudable industry on the part of its
makers; they for the most part represent nothing more
valuable than an absorbed narrowness of interests, a
selfish rapacity, and a gift for enslaving the skill and
industry of other people.

Happily, society is not without examples of ap-
proximately real valuation. It is a principle of just
valuation which makes us pay great musicians and
singers at the rate of a fortune a week. Such principle
also regulates the salaries of beautiful actresses, many
of whom are, very properly, paid for nothing but being
beautiful and allowing us to look upon them. The
compellers of laughter and the drawers of tears of
just right are housed in palaces and luxurious cas-
telled flats. In a world so poor in laughter, priceless
indeed is the stored mirth in the heart of a Penley.

It was an approach to just valuation when recently
the manuscript of Keats' "Endymion" was sold for
over six hundred pounds, though it will be observed
that the sum was about four times as much as Keats
received for his poetry during his lifetime and that the
money went into the pockets of the descendants, not of
the poet, but of his publisher. Poetry, on the whole,
one need hardly say, provides the most significant ex-
ample of false valuation. Poets and prophets are the
most important people to a community—after the com-
edians, whom they occasionally rival—and yet, curi-
ously enough, they are the worst paid. The fact of
being poets and philosophers should, no doubt, be its

own reward; but the same would apply to the beauties
and the comedians.

In thus emphasizing the value of laughter I have had
in my mind a phrase of Stevenson, which any of us
ambitious to start out upon a Revaluation of all the
Values might take with him as an excellent touch-
stone. It occurs, if I remember aright, in "The Ama-
teur Emigrant," in which, describing one of his fellow-
passengers on his voluntary "second-cabin" voyage to
America, he tells us of his ambitions for commercial
and civic success. He spoke of such success, adds
Stevenson, with one of those flashes of reality which
make him something like a great writer—"as if it
was real like laughter."

"As if it was real like laughter!" What a profound
saying is that! How clear-seeing, how purged, must
have been the vision of the man who could look right
through the thousand obscuring veils of custom and
sham to light up with so vivid a phrase the reality
behind. Of all Stevenson's gifts his most precious
gift was that profound thing, simplicity.

Well, in that phrase Stevenson laid the founda-
tion-stone of a new philosophy which each of his books
went to illustrate. And it might be described as the
philosophy of knowing what one really cares about in
life and what we are told to care about—what we are
too apt to fancy we really do care about—a philosophy
of real values based on the actual and not the imaginary
desires of human beings. There are a number of dull
things we do, a number of dull successes we strive
for, with seldom a thought of how dull they are, after
all, to the real self which dreams and plays in our
neglected souls. And I speak not merely of a handful
of dreamers and idealists, the professors of the emo-
tions and the senses, but for the bulk of men and
women.

Take the most resoundingly successful of these, and,
if you can induce them to be momentarily honest, you
will find that to themselves in their heart of hearts the
raison d'être of their lives is not the exterior achieve-

ment of it, not the conquests of their intellect, nor the triumphs of their skill, nor the decorations of their success, but just some simple moments of emotion, some few snatched hours of play.

Indeed man is at heart a dreamer who has forgotten his dream. Centuries ago he dreamed it, as he dreams it over again in the heart of every young man and woman, dreamed it fervently and longed to build it. But the building materials were so costly, so hard to win, the labor of building so great, that soon he became entirely absorbed in these, and went on toilfully building, forgetting quite why he built. Then when the dream was quite built he moved into it with his wife and children, and dwelt therein in quite a commonplace way, valuing only the cost of the structure and the furniture of the dream, and forgetting the dream itself. But sometimes a poet will come to dinner, and as the bourgeois Man looks into his simple eyes, suddenly the scales fall from his own, and he starts up for a wondrous moment of reality, and a sweet old voice cries in his ears as he looks on his wife and his home: "This habit, why it was once a passion! This fact, why it was once a dream!"

In its heart the world cares for little but play, yet in its life it does hardly anything but work; for the world has forgotten that the reason of the excuse for its work is—play. The natural man works that he may play—works that he may love and dream, and know a little while the wonders and joys of the strange and lovely world which for a short space he is allowed to inhabit. The unnatural man plays that he may work.

Perhaps in our current system of misvaluation the emotions provide an example of the most persistent depreciation. Proverbially, there is nothing of which an Englishman is so much ashamed as his emotions. To suspect him of sentiment is to imply insult, to surprise him in tears is to commit a mortal offense. Laughter he still retains, but too often for the unworthy purpose of laughing at other people's emotions, and ridiculing beautiful things he no longer understands. Indeed, England is the Siberia of the emotions. As an example of our attitude toward the emotions—consider the universal treatment of that widespread class, the lovers of a community. As they go by through the streets, hand in hand, a dream-fed, flower-crowned company, speaking—

"evermore among themselves,
Their heart-remembered names."

do we bow the knee and doff our hats as they pass, do we strew their path with roses, do we clear the way for their beautiful faces, do we say to ourselves: "Hush! there go the holy ones, the lovers, the great dreamers, the young priests and priestesses of futurity"? Alas, instead—poor harried dreamers!—we hunt them with little boys, we startle them in shy corners with lights, we break upon their delicate reveries with ruthless laughter.

So it is we desperately use the very important people who are some day to fill our armies, man our ships, populate our offices, and who, even if they fulfilled no such practical services to the state, would be valuable public servants, in that they keep the world young, and by their transcendental antics remind us that man does not live by company-promoting alone; for we can do no service to mankind so great as to keep its spiritual senses awake, to keep its eyes open to behold those visions which do still appear to the children of men.

There is another important body of professional exponents of the emotions who are perhaps taken a little less seriously than they might be on that very account—I mean the women of the community. Generalizations in regard to the sexes are becoming less and less trustworthy, but I suppose we may hazard the broad generalization that women, as a rule, and often much to their own regret, do live more by the emotions than men. They realize that emotions are the music to produce which all the elaborate mechanism of human life is but the fantastic wooden instrument; and they are, therefore, the less inclined to count the cost of an emotional moment.

A well-known critic, recently commenting on the tragic love-story of the famous Russian mathematician, Sonia Kovalevsky, to whom gold medals of Paris and European fame were as nothing compared to her unrequited love for a French professor, remarks: "Did you ever hear of a male mathematician who died at forty-five because a woman would not have him?" Certainly not. No man would have sacrificed mathematics for the emotions!

Well, waiving what must be considered a doubtful premise—for if men have never sacrificed mathematics to their emotions, history surely, and happily, affords examples of their sacrificing much more important things—has the implied readiness of men to sacrifice the emotions to the mathematics been a very signal proof of this wisdom? Has it not been another case of setting the higher value on the least important thing? The readiness of men to sacrifice their emotions, and those dependent on those emotions, for some call to arms of the intellect or society, has perhaps been a little unduly celebrated; for, after all, it must often have meant but the exchange of one emotion for another, which in their secret souls was more powerful and precious—the emotion, say, of the stay-at-home affections for the emotions of an ambition none the less personal because ostensibly universal in its ends, the joys of peace for the stern intoxication of war.

For emotion, it must not be forgotten, is the soul not only of the soft pleasant things of life, but of many of the hard strong things also. It is not merely the mother of the arts, but the mother of trade and the mother of war. What indeed were war but a butcherly hacking and hewing, an unthinkable welter of blood and groans, were it not for the emotions, fine or otherwise, which cast a glory even across so hideous a thing?

The emotions have had a hand in making everything worth making, for mere head-cleverness has never yet in this world done a really great or notable thing. The

only way to make even our businesses successful is literally to put our hearts into them. And, indeed, those very prosaic businesses that grind the souls out of some of us had often quite romantic beginnings. There is something of Aladdin's palace about the grimest warehouse—though the weary men who work the cranes and the clerk who checks the weights in his little stifling sentry-box are not very advantageously placed for observing it. There is but little prose in life that was not poetry once.

Not indeed that the element of poetry in business is unduly obtrusive, yet I think that element would be found to animate much dull and dreary taskwork if we would remember oftener why we work so hard and long, remember that as men work primarily that they may eat, eat that they may live, and live that they may love, business is only carried on with due respect for the right relations of things when it is regarded as a means to ends higher than itself—that is, broadly speaking, in the service of the emotions. The world will never be happy, life will continue to be hard, till we get this put right, get the balance of existence more naturally adjusted, get the horse in its proper place before the cart. There was never a more pernicious, shallow-minded proverb than that which one hears too often, with a curious rattle of huddled chains—"Business before pleasure." The natural law is the precise opposite. "Business for the sake of pleasure" would be the truer precept, and I use pleasure in its higher sense—inclusive of religion, for those who take their pleasures sadly.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

SOME VERY PROSPEROUS VAGABONDS



HE Christmas dinner of the New Vagabond Club proved, this year, an unequivocal success. It is not often that literary London makes as fine a festive showing. The guest (there is always a "guest" at the Vagabond dinners) was no less grave and reverend a seignior than the Bishop of London himself. It was a Ladies' Night, and hence the Bishop's wife, Mrs. Creighton (pronounced Cryton)

was also present. A friend whispered to me that our ecclesiastical grandee was an advocate of strictest temperance and also a confirmed hater of tobacco. In such case he must hardly have had a comfortable time, for not only was it his fate to gaze upon the most unbeggarly rows of empty bottles, but also to feel in his nostrils many fumes which by no means were all born of the blander cigarette. Dr. Conan Doyle presided. His genial face and soldier-like form are too well known in America for me to attempt a sketch of either. The hall was that enormous and very beautiful "Victoria room" of the Hotel Cecil, and Dr. Doyle's voice filled it. I thought, with astonishing resonance and volume. I afterward chatted with him on the subject of speech-making in general, and was surprised to hear him smilingly yet seriously assert that he had first learned the art in our own land. I had been too far away from him to observe with clearness whether he spoke or not by the aid of written notes. But as I had seen him occasionally cast his eyes upon the table, I now inquired if he had spoken quite impromptu. "Oh, I had my different 'headings,'" he replied, "and should have been quite lost without them." Our after-dinner orators have a great reputation over here; but it struck me that they would deserve it better if more of them adopted Dr. Doyle's method. He was perfectly fluent, and in self-possession and clarity of delivery made it evident that men of letters need not always be living indorsements of the theory that pens are mightier than tongues. He was at times keenly humorous, and poked fun at his lordship, the Bishop, with much delicacy and tact. When the latter was simply Mr. Creighton of Merton College, Oxford, he said, a particular undergraduate was twice brought before him for the heinous offense of absence from college for twenty-four hours. Each time the culprit pleaded as his excuse a fondered horse. On the first occasion Mr. Creighton accepted this excuse, but on the second he failed to do so. "This college," he declared, "has its sporting reputation to maintain, and the man who owns so bad a horse has no right to be a member of it." "That," the chairman continued, "is Mr. Creighton's sporting side, but he has many others. I have found that whether one wants to find the civil or religious history of England he must turn to the Bishop's writings." This savory compliment was cordially acknowledged by its recipient, who then referred to Dr. Doyle's anecdote. The Bishop informed us that he only wished there had been in his dilapidated existence any moment when he could have said anything so good as the chairman had put into his mouth. He furthermore stated (and this assertion was hailed with peals of laughter) that he was compelled to disclaim the story while well aware that nobody would believe him. He then went on to speak of fiction, and said, with what seemed to me a touch of unnecessary patronage (considering there was hardly a man or woman in the immense room who had not written a tale, or a novel, or both), that fiction "needed no apology at the present time." He is a spare, gray man, perhaps on the sunnier side of sixty—if there be one, even for so exalted a personage as a Bishop of London—and his look and bearing breathe sweetness and culture.

"The United States and the Union of Hearts" was a toast proposed by Mr. Anthony Hope. I could not help wondering at this, as there were only four toasts

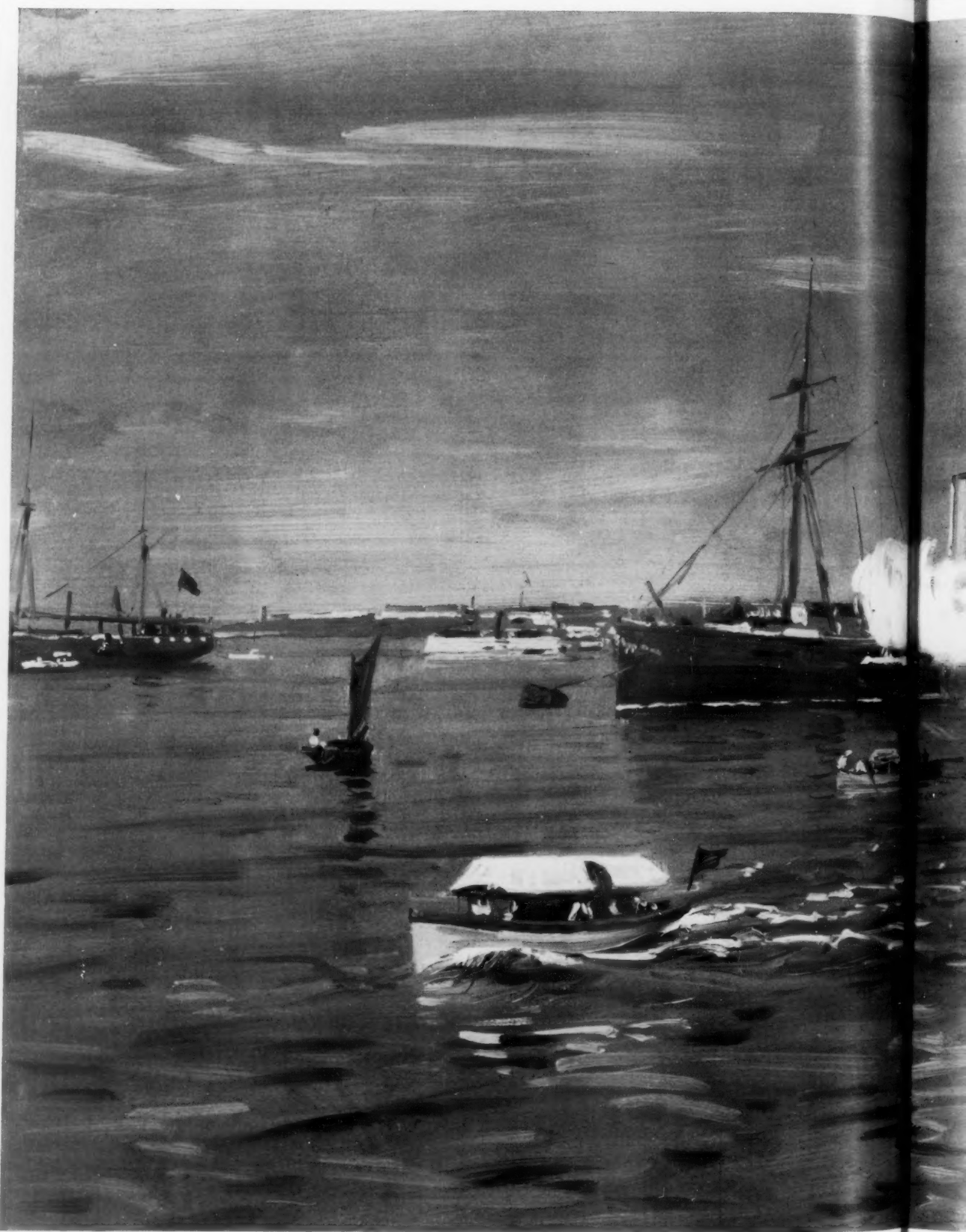
in all, and the reply to the one just cited was among them on the programme. But so it is nowadays in London. No dinner seems complete without at least one fervid reference to the reigning amity between Britannia and Columbia. On this occasion there was only a sprinkling of Americans present, and the entire spirit of the "Vagabonds" is literary. For some reason, moreover, which nobody seems able to explain, the same apathy toward American writing exists here to-day as before these terms of cordiality sprang up. Ask English publishers why the best American books do not sell here, and they will simply answer that the fact passes their powers of explanation. Mr. Hope has returned from his American tour an exceedingly tired-looking man. He has the appearance of one overworked, and his premature baldness does not make this effect by any means less apparent. Possibly he has brought back with him a big pocketful of dollars, gathered both from lectures and plays. If this be true, then his pleasant Americophobia is all the more to be accounted for, and he managed to reveal it with a felicity not unlike that which so often belongs to his printed page. That same afternoon, he said, he had witnessed a play in which the lady and gentleman were in love with each other for a long time without having the smallest idea that such was the case. "That," he buoyantly continued, "is exactly the experience of this country and the United States. Recent events have not so much inspired their love as awakened them to the consciousness of it. Much has lately been said about the open door. Behind that open door is the open heart of two great nations. Americans still observe the shape of our boots and the habit we have of turning up our trousers. We, too, have found opportunity for wit at their expense, but behind all this lies a strong feeling that a new international factor has come into existence, and that, should occasion arise, it might have most important results."

Colonel James L. Taylor replied to this optimistic outburst, and in a vein of equally rosy rhetoric. He is a handsome man, with silvery mustache and that facial American quality which can best be defined by keenness. He is marvelously at home "across the walnuts and the wine," as any one ought to be who holds his position. President of the American Society here, circumstance has doubtless accentuated with him a native and highly graceful gift. Just what or why the American Society in London is, I have never lucidly discovered; but that it is addicted a good deal to "dining" I recall having been credibly enlightened. The same may indeed be said of "The New Vagabonds," an organization reconstructed from that of the old "Vagabonds," and containing many of its former members. It is a club of diners and nothing more. Its "Ladies' Nights" occur periodically, and then, if ever, its devilmaycare name is conspicuously belied. Ordinarily, at men's meetings, a tweed suit is thought better form than an evening coat. But on such occasions as that of which I am treating the white tie becomes as imperative as at a Belgravian ball. The dinner itself was admirable, and served by skilled attendants. The gatherings of the club are monthly, and their influence upon the literary world of London is wholesome in the extreme. Mr. Douglas Sladen, a writer of marked ability and a great traveler, is at present, I believe, almost the sole director and stimulator of these reunions. Members are permitted to bring as many friends as they please, provided they notify the governing committee beforehand. This introduces a continuous element of variety into the entertainments, which are not always given at the same restaurant, and hence are even more pleasantly exempt from monotony. Co-operators with Mr. Sladen in his praiseworthy endeavors are such committeemen as Mr. Joseph Hutton, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, and others. The president of the club is Lord Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford, and its vice-president is Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, two men both equally famous and honored throughout England, as I need not add. The motto of the club has been boldly chosen from the writings of a wit—Douglas Jerrold—whom time is now seeking to whelm in oblivion, but as yet with only partial success:

"Your real, quick-blooded, genial vagabond is the arabesque of life. Talk of Cabinet dinners—give us Vagabond suppers. How many fine rogues are there, who are fine because they are not vagabonds—and how many vagabonds who live and die vagabonds, because, indeed, they will not consent to be rogues?"

I have said that this motto has been boldly chosen, and when one bears in mind all the high-bred men and charming women whom a membership of the Vagabonds means to meet and hold converse with, I am tempted to confess that the name itself appeals to me as something of a misnomer. But of course the satire is meant to be extremely loose and broad. There is a good deal of that satire current here in daily talk among the most refined of folk. The London man-about-town, for example, abounds in slang. He exploits it with an exaggeration of emphasis to which his musical mode of parlance offers, at times, the drollest atmosphere of contrast. In finishing this most inadequate account of a notable Christmas gathering, I must not forget to record one feature of it which American readers may relish. There stood behind the chairman of the banquet a person called, in antiquated phrase, "The Paid Speaker." He was a relic of times dating as far back as Henry the Eighth, and perhaps further. At certain "city" dinners he is employed much more frequently than at those where literary or artistic impulses prevail. As a promoter of general jubilation he was employed, however, on this special evening; and while he bawled out the announcements of the forthcoming speeches in true old-English fashion, it was diverting for transatlantic ears to catch the drops of his "h's" and detect the raciness of his Cockney gutturals, deliciously authentic and austere.

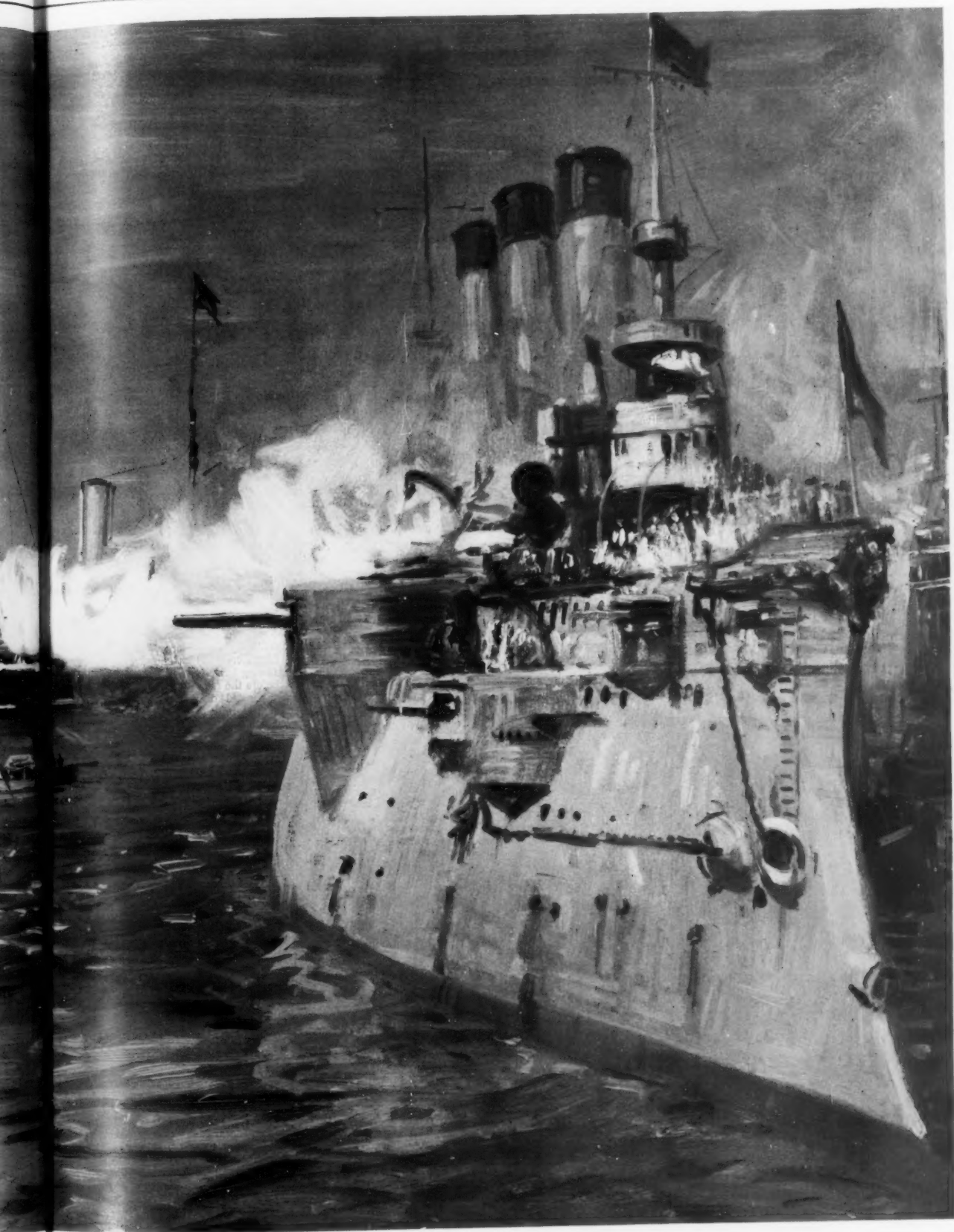
EDGAR FAWCETT.



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE OCCUPATION

THE CRUISER BROOKLYN SALUTING THE AMERICAN COLORS RAISED OVER HAVANA



PATION OF CUBA

OVER HAVANA FORTS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS AT TWELVE NOON, JANUARY 1, 1899

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE

By Geraldine Bonner

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NE WOULD have supposed that after twenty-three years of married life the vagrant tendencies inherent in the heart of man had been subdued in that of Daniel Hinkley.

During these long and toiled years, pinched with poverty, bitter with unsuccess, Daniel had had no inclination to let his thoughts or his affections stray from the bare and chill domestic altar to shrines that were rose-wreathed and bright. In fact, Daniel, like many another man, had had no time to realize that there were softer eyes and fairer cheeks than Mrs. Hinkley's in the world, and if such revolutionary thoughts had ever crossed his mind, he had neither the leisure nor the desire to let them stay there.

Hard work, poverty, and the last faint afterglow of conjugal affection kept Daniel a good husband. But when, after having been the sport of Fortune for nearly a quarter of a century, his luck turned and he found himself, through some propitious mining speculations, possessed of a good income, all his inherent vices began to raise their heads and warm themselves in the sun of his prosperity.

There are many people who would have excused Daniel for his weaknesses. His wife was of that kind to whom the ordinary Californian husband is not supposed to remain faithful. She was not only forty-six years of age—but one year younger than Daniel himself—but such personal attractions as she had once possessed had succumbed to the passage of time and the hardships of a married life of penury and toil. As a young girl she had been fine-looking. Now the graceful outlines of her once stately figure—she was nearly six feet in height—had gradually disappeared under accumulations of fat. When Mrs. Hinkley tried her weight on an electric scale the little card thrown out on the metal tray bore the legend—230 lbs.

Mrs. Hinkley was one of those women who had been married in their *beaux jours* of freshness and slenderness and girlish charm, irrespective of the more durable qualities of culture, refinement and education. In fact, twenty-five years before the opening of this sketch, as Celestine de Beaumont she had been a shining light on the New York stage in the spectacular drama. At the head of an Amazon march she had been superb. Her figure was then slender and graceful, and her broad, good-humored physiognomy seemed to Daniel Hinkley—a small clerk in a downtown dry-goods shop, who nightly worshiped her from a front seat in the gallery—to be the most beautiful face in the world.

To be sure, close by she was not half so imposing. Her grammar was far from impeccable, and she had a remarkable power of consuming beer and pretzels. But the majesty of her queenhood always seemed to cling about her, even when, in the dark, moist midnight, she hurried out of the stage-door—a dingy figure in the dingy doorway—to join Daniel Hinkley waiting under the lamp to escort her home.

Though fifteen dollars a week is not much to support an Amazon queen upon, Daniel, so daring had love made him, ventured it. One night, a little darker and moister than usual, they were married. The Amazon queen left her Amazonian leaderless, and retired from the tinseled realms where she nightly held sway, to the domestic hearth provided by Daniel Hinkley's fifteen dollars a week.

It took several years of wandering westward from city to city in helpless destitution, to crush out their pride in those early grandseurs of Mrs. Hinkley's career. In the first years of their married poverty, when their children were being born and dying, and Daniel Hinkley was struggling manfully to get food for the living ones and burial for the dead ones, they were wont to impress the people about them with tales of the brave days when Mrs. Hinkley had been a queen. Later on, however, the struggle for life grew so fierce, so many little babies seemed to realize that they were unwelcome and departed with a hurt, pathetic suddenness, that a good deal of the spirit went out of Daniel Hinkley. He was no more proud of Mrs. Hinkley's glorious beginnings than he was distressed by the way she continued to grow stout, to let her wardrobe run to old cotton wrappers, and her head, instead of the regal crown of old, bedecked with a coronal of curl-papers which she seemed never to take out.

But though she neglected her personal appearance, she kept up her courage unflinchingly. An instinctive knowledge of her husband's weakness, a proud belief in his social superiority to herself, with whom she felt he had made a decided mesalliance, made her endeavor to shelter him as far as lay in her power from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune which seemed to have selected him as their target. The wifely instinct was mixed with the maternal. She crowded over and petted and cheered her dispirited consort as she did her sickly children. It always seemed to them both that the hardships of their distressed condition were not so unbearable to her. The erstwhile Amazon queen had known a sadder state of existence than the former dry-goods clerk. She was used to the hand-to-mouth life of a battered Bohemian, and was as skillful at evading a dun as she was at cooking Daniel's favorite dishes over an oil stove balanced on the edge of the washstand.

In their zigzag flight westward in the wake of the Star of Empire they had progressed as far as Omaha, and there, stranded in their habitual condition of peniless helplessness, they were unable either to return or advance, when a legacy of eight thousand dollars, bequeathed to Mrs. Hinkley by a New England aunt, lifted them in one bewildering sweep into sudden affluence. It was on Mrs. Hinkley's suggestion—she having learned to dread the rigors of the Eastern climate which is so relentless a foe to the sick and the poor—that they pushed on to California and there invested the money in a small ranch in the Sacramento Valley.

Here Mrs. Hinkley had her first experience of the life of the Western farmer's wife. She made the superhuman efforts that only these women can make, buoyed up by the hope of large profits and spurred on by the knowledge that if they do not do the work it must perforce remain undone. She toiled as no hired laborer could have been bribed to toil. In the gray of early dawn she rose to prepare the breakfast for her own family and in the pressing times of sowing and harvesting for the batches of hired hands employed on the ranch. In the burning afternoons, her great form, clothed in a cotton wrapper which, saturated with perspiration, clung to her as the linen clings to the moist clay model, could be seen staggering down a freshly turned furrow in the wake of the plow.

She cared for the live stock, keeping the hovel where they were stabled clean, milking the cows, harnessing the horses. She cooked and washed for the household, and in spare moments "ran up" the scanty frocks which were worn by her two children, Celestine and Pearl, and which had to have some pretense of fit or shape, as the girls attended the public school a mile down the valley. And when evening fell, and she sat on the little square of balcony beside her silent husband, looking out in the speechlessness of exhaustion over the golden levels of their own grain, the even lines of their own fruit trees, she would lay one of her huge hands, blunt and disfigured by toil, on his, and heave a restful sigh from a heart filled deep with content.

Their herculean labors on the ranch were rewarded by a small margin of profit. They were still, however, kept down to the shrewdest economies by Daniel's investments in the mines. Daniel had the mining fever, and spent his life between flattering hopes and devastating disappointments. As every year the little surplus melted away in these invariably unsuccessful ventures, Mrs. Hinkley, on the balcony in the cool of the evening, cheered the fainting spirits of her dejected spouse by lurid pictures, drawn largely from her past glimpses of the realms of fairy, of the unbridled luxury in which they would live when "Paw"—Mr. Hinkley was always so called by his wife in consideration of his joint authorship with herself of Celestine and Pearl—"makes his ten strike."

Daniel's ten strike was not made suddenly. After nearly seven years of fruitless experiment and attempt, luck, at first timid and hesitating, began to incline toward him. A year of insignificant successes braced him up like a tonic. Then he began to really prosper. A mine in which he held a small amount of stock developed past the most sanguine expectations of its owners, and yielded Daniel Hinkley a monthly revenue of four hundred dollars.

Mrs. Hinkley was for being careful and living quietly on the ranch. The former queen of the Amazons had gone through so much, had worked so long and so hard, that her naturally shiftless, Bohemian tendencies had all been deflected into the ways of prudence and parsimony. But Daniel was not at all of this mind. He wanted to make up for the lean and haggard past by the gay and roseate present. He wanted to know what it was to eat well and sleep soft. He wanted to feel that ginger was still hot in the mouth, and that there were still cakes and ale. Urged by his wife to be moderate in expenditure, he purchased a small house in San Francisco which, considering its locality on the side of an insurmountable hill, was sold at a reasonable cost, and then, settling his family therein, he returned to the mines.

What happened at the mines is not matter of history. Daniel's visits to his home grew less and less frequent, his remittances of money more and more irregular. Three months from the date of their installation in the little house on the hillside, the Hinkleys, mother and daughters, were agitated by harassing rumors and painful, tormenting suspicions, which had had a seed in the mother's heart after the return of Daniel from his first absence. These grew, were verified by continuous reports, and the comments of chance-comers from the mines ceased to be suspicious and became certainties. To the entreating letters, full of pleading queries, imploring his presence, Daniel returned hasty, evasive answers, and then none at all. Held by rosy bonds in a thralldom where his better nature lay dulled in an opiate sleep, he forgot his honor, his responsibility, and the unescapable claims of the stern, insistent past.

One year from the time of their removal to the house on the hillside Mrs. Hinkley, urged thereto by her daughters, who were high-spirited, independent young women, whose point of view was modern and Californian, and of whose strictures and condemnation their mother stood in much secret dread, divorced Mr. Hinkley, who gave them seventy-five dollars a month, the house and his blessing, being relieved and gratified that he had attained his end with so little trouble. Two

weeks later Mrs. Hinkley read in the papers the announcement of her husband's marriage to Mrs. Lydia Lyman of Marysville.

It was on the reading of this announcement that Mrs. Hinkley openly broke down for the first time. What remnants of pride she had called to her assistance that she might present a firm front to her daughters' sympathizing but uncomprehending eyes, deserted her and she poured forth her pain and sorrow in broken lamentations. The girls, who were honestly fond of their parents, were inclined to regard the matter as a deplorable, but, alas! only too common, calamity. They discussed the situation with the frankness of century-end Californians. They were distressed at the lapse of their father. They blamed him, but condoned his weakness, believing man to be the natural prey of the tempter, and one capable of resistance to be an unknown animal, extinct as the dodo. But they called down the vengeance of Heaven upon Mrs. Lydia Lyman, of whose class and character they seemed to entertain no doubts.

But they could not infuse any of their own belligerent spirit into their mother. The warm-hearted, helpless, simple creature seemed to have lost all her courage. The defection of the husband she had so deeply loved, so faithfully worked for, had wounded her deeper than her daughters—heart-whole, self-sufficing, resolute young women—could ever understand. The queen of the Amazons still loved and could not blame. Her husband's desertion she might perhaps have borne. The second marriage was the blow that had struck upon her heart. It was in the excusableness of this that the anguish lay. Was it unnatural that he should want to leave her—uncouth and elephantine in her unlovely middle-age—for a prettier face, a fresher youth? No—let him go! But, oh! the pain of it—the agony of it!

Celestine and Pearl, who had never seen their mother cast down before, endeavored to cheer her by lively discourse on outside matters, and, at times, by blowing upon that ember of spirit which they felt must lie yet warm under the ashes of her dreary dejection. But it was difficult to rouse her from her settled, dumb listlessness to either interest or indignation. In response to their diatribes on the subject of their father's alliance with Mrs. Lydia Lyman, she made feeble attempts to excuse him. But these did not display much energy, as she was ashamed to let her daughters see that she forgave their father's infidelity, feeling herself so little an object of love. She shrank before the fear of their wide-eyed astonishment, the exasperated disdain she knew they would feel for her want of pride.

Owing to her own cumbersome size and the position of the house, which was only accessible by innumerable flights of steps that zigzagged up the face of the scarred, denuded hillside, Mrs. Hinkley seldom went out. Most of her days were passed sitting in the living-room, the windows of which commanded an extended view of the city below, making dresses for Celestine and Pearl. In the afternoon, when the girls had gone out for their daily airing—a characteristic pair with the frizzed hair standing out over their ears, the natty, pointed shoes, the powdered noses, and the trim, neat figures of the typical San Francisco shop-girl—the mother, dropping her scissors and needle, would gaze out over the city below, motionless in a trance of retrospective pain.

Celestine and Pearl, with a few nickels in their purses, would repair to Market Street, and there, greeted at every corner by a whirl of dust, straws and bits of paper, promenade up and down, ogling and being ogled, enjoying themselves immensely, and not infrequently, though they were young women of unquestioned respectability, inviting the acquaintance of stray, timid young men by bowing to them with friendly affability. The escort thus provided, they all three walked together, and Celestine and Pearl, if they thought the stranger agreeable, told him their names, circumstances, place of residence, sometimes touched on the second matrimonial venture of their father, and threw out ominous hints of what they would do should chance ever throw them in the path of Mrs. Lydia Lyman.

In the little house on the hillside their mother spent the long afternoon sewing fitfully and looking out of the window. The city, lying in its low curve below, had on its summer look of blaze of sun tempered by flying dust into a sort of gray glare. All the houses, huddled together between the narrow gorges of the streets, presented flat, gray sides and tops to the eye; beyond, the broad level of the bay shone like an expanse of dull, unpolished steel. The great winds pressed and tore about the house, and swept up through the clefts of the streets below, scattering paper and straws and rags about in their untidy hurry. The trees bent coweringly before them, turning the white surfaces of blown leaves to their chill, steady sweep.

When Celestine and Pearl returned they found their mother sitting brooding in the dusk, the dressmaking far behind. Even when they told her of the interesting promenade they had had with a young man they had met on Kearney Street, who had given them soda-water and paid their fares when he put them on the car and promised to call next Sunday afternoon, she did not evince any of the interest they had expected she would show.

One day, however, the girls came home large-eyed and irate with a piece of news which they mis doubted not would arouse their mother. A girl friend of Celestine's, an assistant in one of the large libraries, had

heard from a reliable source that the second Mrs. Hinkley was in town and contemplated calling upon her predecessor, whom she had said "she would like to know as she had heard so much about her from Mr. Hinkley." Mrs. Hinkley, when informed of this by her breathless and excited daughters, breathed hard and grew pale. The girls felt, with a nervous, half-relieved uncertainty, that perhaps, after all, their mother's spirit was not quite dead.

"Now, maw," said Pearl commandingly, "you've got to say you won't have it. You've just got to put your foot down."

"Yes, maw. It's not self-respecting to be so down-trodden. You mustn't allow this woman, just because paw's gone and married her, to come and trample on us."

The girls looked anxiously at their mother, dreading a spiritless acquiescence. There was, however, a gleam in her eyes, fastened upon them with a narrow, menacing intensity, which well assured them.

"You needn't be scared," she said, in a low, slightly shaken voice. "There ain't no need of getting scared. Your maw's not going to let no woman trample on you nor her. You'd oughter be able to trust me by this time. I tell you straight, if that thing comes round here tryin' to see me, I'll throw her down them steps so quick she won't know what struck her."

She looked belligerently at her two daughters, quivering throughout her great bulk with rage and excitement. The girls were overjoyed at this display of a still smoldering pride.

"If maw hadn't said anything when I told her that," Celestine confided to Pearl as they washed up the dinner dishes that evening, "I'd have been awful scared about her. I'd thought she was goin' to die."

Whether the second Mrs. Hinkley heard of the inhospitable manner in which the first Mrs. Hinkley intended to receive her when she called, or whether the second Mrs. Hinkley's desire to make her predecessor's acquaintance was not sufficiently strong to carry her up the innumerable flights of steps, is not recorded. Certain it is she never came, and the first Mrs. Hinkley did not need to put into execution her threat of forcible eviction.

But her flicker of spirit was only momentary. As the days passed and no Mrs. Hinkley arrived, she quickly relapsed into her old state of dull and listless preoccupation. She was now but a half-hearted listener when Celestine and Pearl related to her the engaging conversation of that miscellaneous collection of young men which they made on their metropolitan rambles. When some of the more energetic and enterprising ones scaled the stairs and arrived, breathless, to pay an evening call, she provided them with refreshment, and, sitting by, pretended to listen to their light-hearted chatter, while the sad, fixed stare of her faded eyes, the droop of her heavy, dejected face, proclaimed her thoughts to be wandering in the irrevocable past.

The great beating wings of the summer winds at last grew still. The gray glare of dust blown through sunlight gave place to sunlight alone, when the bay shone like a sapphire and the bare hills, in their leathern dustiness, seemed printed against the blue of the sky. On the sides of the hill, near the little cottage, the sere thistles and seeded grasses, blown over by wandering breezes, made a soft, whispering hsh—hsh—all day long.

Now, in the autumn, the thirsty earth, cracked and parched with drought, panted for rain. And then the rain came; first the short, hesitant showers, whose gentle fall caused all the hills to turn a faint, grateful green, and made all the gardens look fresh and clean, and exude a damp, sweet, earthy fragrance. Then came the great downpours, when the long lances of the rain charged down on the dry-skinned land, drummed on the city's tin roofs, ran in streams from leaden spouts, chased down the gutters in hurrying rivers, spread into brown lagoons at the choked sewer mouths, burst back to angry spray from the shining surfaces of dead wall and cement pavement. About the house on the hillside the impatient floods tore channels for themselves down the red slopes, and caused a verdant up-springing of weedy, green things to sprout from every crack and crevice where seed could lodge and root could cling.

It was a gloomy beginning for the winter, the clouds going low and huddled over the city, the rains falling in continuous thrashing torrents. The little house on the hillside, in its dripping garden, among its wet and gleaming shrubs, was as gloomy as the weather without. Celestine and Pearl could not put on any of their new winter clothes or promenade on Market Street any more. With their neat figures hidden under shapeless musamers, their trim feet disfigured by clumsy Indian-shoes, they made occasional morning incursions from

their eyrie to the market below, returning laboriously up the long soaked steps with brown paper parcels in their ungloved hands. Mrs. Hinkley could not go out at all. When the housework was over she sat in the front window, looking out over the drenched city and the driving rain-gusts.

One night, at the end of a two weeks' unbroken downpour, the Hinkleys sat in the kitchen deploring the inclemency of the weather. Shut fast against the floods without, the kitchen was a warm and cozy haven. The fire in the stove looked out red and comfortable from its confining bars, and the large lamp on the table cast a warm, yellow radiance over the center of the room. Supper was over, the dishes washed and put away. The industrious Celestine had brought out her sewing and was stitching silently, her head bent, her curled and frizzled hair looking quite golden in the lamplight. Pearl, who was idle, sat comfortably at ease, her feet, in a worn-out pair of her favorite high-heeled shoes, on the rung of an adjacent chair, her plump figure, ungirt in easeful suppleness, swathed in the folds of a flowing cotton wrapper. In the intervals of passive meditation she bitterly complained that the continuous storms were preventing the miscellaneous admirers from risking the perils of a climb in the deluged, evening darkness.

As her high voice, with its strain of softly whining complaints, sunk into silence, they could hear the rain bursting in wild gusts against the window and the clear chinking of the running water as it skurried round the plank walk, and feel the house start and shake with the buffets of the angry winds. Pearl might well com-

"I'm glad to see you back, paw. Sit down and take off your wet things."

Daniel Hinkley came forward and obeyed. As he threw off his hat and unfastened his coat, he greeted the girls with an affected assumption of genial effusion to hide his nervousness. He patted them on the shoulders with his bronzed and indurated hand and told them he hadn't seen anything to come up to them at the mines.

"You're out of sight," he said, standing back from them and eying them with affected pride as they stood before him, smiling in intense relief and shy welcome, "You're fairies and no mistake. Ain't they, maw?"

But he did not dare to look at his wife, and his daughters saw that he was yet uncertain of her welcome, and were filled with sympathy for him in his weak confusion. To help out the situation Celestine said, with a tremulous attempt at heartiness:

"We're all awful glad to see you back, paw. We've missed you—real badly."

And Pearl, with desperate courage, added:

"Yes, we've felt awful lonesome without you—especially maw."

They looked at their mother with pleading uncertainty. Daniel Hinkley looked too. She stood close beside him, a huge figure in her loosely hanging wrapper, her plain face, with its large features and coarse-grained skin, illuminated with the light of happiness. Forgiveness, complete and unquestioning; love, devoid of pride and niggardly calculation, shone there for the dullest eyes to see. Daniel's doubts died down at once.

"Yes," he said, rubbing his hands and wagging his head, with a great air of jovial hilarity, "it's nice to get

home, I tell you. Looks

so sort of natural! Nice

to see you all again—"

and he looked round at

the three faces, radiant

with welcome, his own

marked with a supplicat-

ing relief, and under that

a deep and grateful con-

tent. In this silent, shin-

ing look the reunion was

accomplished, and a mo-

ment, so full of feeling

that one touch would have

caused it to overflow,

passed in silence. In

the interval of quivering

speechlessness the com-

munity of comprehension

was complete.

"Well," he said with

a deep breath, and a sud-

den brisk relapse into his

tone of blustering cheeri-

ness, "can't I have a bite

of something? I'm about

starved. Ain't had so

much as a railway sand-

wich since early this

morning."

"Set down and draw

right up to the table,

paw," said Mrs. Hinkley,

in a sudden flurry of ex-

cited hospitality. "Gather

them togs of yours off the

table. Time, and come

and help me. Pearl'll

stay and keep paw com-

pany;" and she rolled out

of the room with the

obedient Celestine at her

heels.

In the pantry she was

so flurried that she was

unable to do anything—

colliding into Celestine,

dropping plates, taking out the wrong dishes, going to the cupboard and then forgetting what she wanted. She followed Celestine about in distracted, clumsy helplessness, plying her with queries as to how she thought "paw" was looking, and if she did not think he'd "got sort of weedy-looking" since he'd been away. Celestine had never before seen her mother so flustered, and found herself in the unusual position of selecting and arranging the viands for her father's supper, and of trying to soothe and allay her mother's naive nervousness.

In the kitchen beyond, Pearl, as soon as she was left alone with her father, leaned across the table, and, spying into his face with her keen eyes, said, in a low tone of confidential inquiry: "Say, paw, where's your wife?"

Daniel, looking suddenly abashed and sheepish, tried to answer with an air of indifferent nonchalance:

"Oh, she's all right. She ain't with me any more."

"Where is she, then? She ain't going to come fol-

lowing you up here, is she?"

"No; she and I don't have nothing to do with each other. We're divorced."

"Oh!" murmured Pearl, with a long-drawn note of

satisfied comprehension—"it's all right, then. Where

is she?"

The look of embarrassment deepened upon Daniel's

weak, handsome face.

"Well," he said, leaning toward his daughter over

the table and lowering his voice to the key of confi-

dence, "she's down somewhere near Fresno now. She's

married a feller on a ranch down that way. I'm sorry

for him; but it ain't any of my business."

Pearl's keen little face looked sharply into his:

"You've had a pretty hard time with her, I guess,"

she hazarded shrewdly.

"Oh, Pearly!" murmured her father, falling back

limply in his chair and turning up his eyes. "Oh,

Pearly, she was a terror! I never knew what your

mother was till I got hold of Lydia Lyman."



Drawn by Clyde O. DeLand

MRS. HINKLEY OPENLY BROKE DOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME

plain. Only the most ardent lover would dare to climb the steps on such a night. As the house shook and creaked to the fury of a fresh gust, and the wind-driven rain was dashed along the wall, she uttered a pettish ejaculation, and her mother, stirring for the first time, heaved a sigh and raised one large foot, in a broken slipper, toward the fire. But that foot, at that particular moment, was not destined to be warmed. Cutting her sigh in half, and breaking with startling loudness into the rustling, slow laboriousness of her cumbersome movement, came a sharp knock at the door.

In suspended, dumb surprise, they looked at each other, with eyes wide, with affrighted surmise. The girls, despite their self-reliant poise, instinctively fastened their eyes on their mother; all the trust and dependence of their childhood reappearing with the first thrill of alarm. For a startled second she still held her foot up toward the fire; then, as the knock was repeated, lowered it, and gave the invitation to enter in a loud voice.

The door, with the wind behind it, opened inward with forceful violence, and, almost blown in by the fierce, intruding storm that slanted its long spears of rain across the threshold, a man entered. A long rubber coat, shining with wet, covered his figure; a drooping, drenched hat, its sagging brim exuding rills of water like a broken gutter pipe, hid his face. He pressed the door shut, and, standing with his back to it, fronting the three women, pushed back his hat, and disclosed the face of Daniel Hinkley.

There was a moment of breathless silence. A coal clinked in the fire, the rain beat without, and from the edges of Daniel's rubber coat the water ran tinkling to the floor. The girls, after the first astounded stare of recognition, flashed their glances back on their mother, watching her with strained, wary anxiety. She and her husband stared at each other silently. Then she rose, pushed forward the chair she had occupied, and said, in a voice deep with a full, grave quietude:



Drawn by Clyde O. DeLand

HE PUSHED BACK HIS HAT AND DISCLOSED THE FACE OF DANIEL HINKLEY

"Well, paw, it's all right now," said Pearl comfortingly. "To-morrow you and maw'll have to go down to the City Hall and get a license and get married again."

"We'll all go, and after the wedding we'll go to The Poodle Dog and have a rattling good dinner. And I'll give you and 'Tine twenty dollars each to get maw a real A1 wedding present."

"I guess you'll like it here now," said Pearl, with mild encouragement, and not weakening her assertion by overconfidence in its assured fulfillment—"though you'll find the steps pretty tiresome."

Further confidences were put an end to by the entrance of Mrs. Hinkley and Celestine with the supper. They set it on the table, moved the lamp, and all drew up comfortably to watch the cheerful spectacle of Daniel Hinkley once more in their midst eating with good appetite. They kept their eyes on him, eager to anticipate his every wish. They pushed the bread forward before he asked, and kept his plate supplied with butter and his glass with beer. When he looked up and caught their eyes they smiled. At intervals Mrs. Hinkley retired into the pantry, where she might be heard creaking about and crashing crockery. After each of these temporary withdrawals, she reappeared bearing a new dish, which she deposited in front of her husband with an encouraging:

"I just remembered we'd a bit of that pickled salmon left over from last Sunday, and thought you might like it for a little relish."

When the pantry failed to give up any more treasures, she settled down beside Daniel, and clasping her two huge hands over her waist, sat at ease beside him, a great smile on her face. Daniel Hinkley had finished his supper. He pushed his chair back a little, and, for the first time, turned to his wife, and laid his hand on one of hers. They regarded each other, smiling, silently. Then he said, giving the hand a friendly pat:

"You don't know how nice it is to get home again." He had expressed his sentiments with absolute truth. The sense of home, the comfort of once more returning to that environment where all was smoothed by custom, invaded his being, soothing and consoling him like sleep to one long denied. Here was the spot, on all the earth, where he might know himself watched for and welcomed. Here were the people, long familiar with him and with his faults, who would be gentle, and condone. Here was the love, passed from early ardor into the settled, tender friendliness of tried companionship, that had been beside him along the rough roads and briery paths of so many toilsome years. Here he might retire,

and stretch at ease, and dare to be himself, secure from harsh criticism and angry comment, the sanctum of his inner self pried into by no unloving, alien eyes, the heart plucked out of his mystery by no intruding hand—here, at home, among his own! The sense of rest, of peace, of having come back to the place that belonged to him, flooded him with a deep, brimming fullness of content. The tears rose into his eyes, and suddenly stretching out the other hand to his daughters, he looked from them to his wife and said:

"Oh, dears, if you'd only known how I wanted to get back!"



LITERATURE

ESSAYS ON WORK AND CULTURE. By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

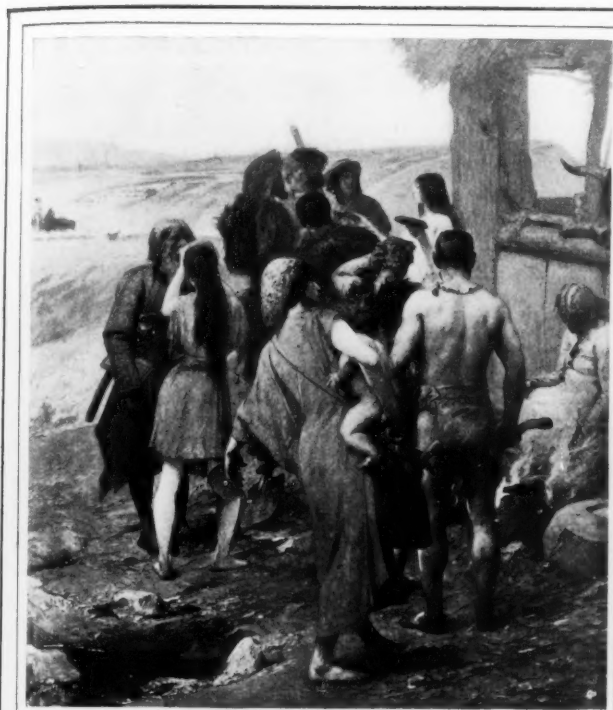
THAT a man's work is the expression of his individuality, or character, is the argument of the "Essays on Work and Culture," and in a general way they establish that point. But when the author asks us to infer, from the examples of Tennyson and Wordsworth, the invariable coincidence of highest literary achievement with personal character altogether admirable, he asks us to believe what he would like to be true. Were Mr. Mabie to cite De Musset's dissolute stuff, which must perish, as the product of a vicious life, we should agree with him. On his principle, we should also grant that Scott will outlast Poe, and, to set up a violent contrast, that Milton's fame will live longer than De Maupassant's. But to base "Childe Harold," "Die Wahlverwandtschaften," "Faust," and "Le Siècle de Louis XIV." on their authors' home behavior, were a fierce paradox. Without subscribing to every word of the imaginative Macaulay, we cannot but acknowledge the existence of a case against Lord Bacon, the jurist, for corrupt practices. Balzac may or may not have been a skinflint. A fact is, that Tennyson negotiated with an American firm for certain rights of publication, but sold those rights to another firm, in consideration of a bid higher by—fifty pounds! This attribute to Tennyson himself would seem to have been hereditary, for to booksellers the rather high price of the Tennyson Memoir meant an excessive "royalty" demanded by the Tennyson family.

The author does not seem to suspect that his "Essays on Work and Culture" address themselves only to act-

ual or possible workers in the realms of art and literature, and that, to those who have no bent toward such "higher activities," his book brings no special message. A youth who has decided to adopt the calling of a shoemaker instead of that of a hatter has undergone moderate "torments of uncertainty," and is quite unconscious of "the waste and disorder" of his "period of ferment." It does not strike him that "there are few moments in life so intoxicating as those which follow the final discovery of the task one is appointed to perform." He cannot perceive, when he ties on his leather apron, sits down on a low wooden stool, and takes his awl to hand, that this process resembles "the lifting of a fog off a perilous coast." A plasterer out of work, whose rent is overdue, and whose wife is about to present him with a seventh child, will thank no one for the information, "There is no real freedom save that which is based upon discipline." It is significant that these pages, which are supposed to be for "Workers of all kinds," abound with the names of famous poets, novelists, painters, sculptors, musicians, literary statesmen, and literary men of science, and that of other distinguished men we find a total of two statesmen, two inventors, one explorer. Two or three obscure names are added. At the end of his chapter "Work as Self-Expression," having observed "one (sic) must give full play to all the force that is in him" (sic), the author "marvels at the magnitude of the work of such men as Michelangelo and Rembrandt, as Beethoven and Wagner, as Shakespeare, Balzac, Thackeray, Carlyle, and Browning." But he is not a particle astonished at the work of Galileo, Newton, Buffon, Pasteur, Plimsoll, Jenner, Cyrus Field, Florence Nightingale, Barnardo, or "General" Booth. He mentions not one of them in his book.

A few platitudes and repetitions apart, these essays give instruction that is elevating and refining—yes, often ideal. They might well help to kindle an existing spark of literary or artistic talent. They might make a young man pause, and ask himself: Am I not wasting my time in this insurance office? Have I not been told a hundred times that I have an unusual bass voice? Don't I know that many singers first earned their living in other vocations? But only a few of the readers of this book will be so disquieted. Many people would concede literary and artistic work to be the "highest." Mr. Mabie thinks it is. He will perhaps be surprised to hear this. His opinion is clear to any impartial person. So we take the liberty to introduce Mr. Mabie to his own opinion.

LIONEL STRACHEY.



Photographs by our Paris Correspondent

CORMON'S SERIES OF WALL PAINTINGS IN THE MUSEUM OF THE JARDIN DES PLANTES, PARIS

1. NOONTDAY IN THE FIELDS

2. THE HUNTER

3. HARVEST TIME

4. DRAWING THE NET



THE DECORATIONS OF FERNAND CORMON

FERNAND CORMON, sometimes called "Piestre," the painter of historical subjects, was born in Paris on the 22d day of December, 1845. He studied with Cabanel and afterward with Fromentin and Portaels, from each of whom he received instruction which materially affected his style at different periods. In 1873 he received the Prix du Salon, the medal of the third class, and in 1880 the Cross of the Legion of Honor. His principal works are: "Weddings of the Niebelungen," 1870; "Sita," 1873; "Venetian Blinds in Morning," 1874; "Woman of Java," and "Death of Ravana," 1875, which were

bought by the University of Fine Arts; "Raising of Jairo's Daughter," 1877; "Raising of Cain," 1880—Luxembourg Museum; "Flowers," 1881; "The Stone Age," 1884; and Decorations, Portraits, Compositions at the Salon of the Champs Elysée in 1885-86 to the present day. Each year Cormon's art has become stronger, and his color has gathered beauty and vigor. His *chef d'œuvre* is undoubtedly the series of Decorations shown upon this page, depicting strikingly and with a wealth of color and archeological detail the occupation of the ancient Gauls. Cormon has indeed founded a school, and in the old Salon each year will be found pictures executed by his pupils after his manner, and with considerable success.

And now that the Government has awarded him this new distinction of placing his series of decorations in one of the public buildings, Cormon's vogue is assured. Time was when the mere awarding of the Cross of the Legion of Honor was sufficient to exalt a painter above his fellows, but since that decoration has become common, and indeed sometimes is not unassociated with what may be styled wire-pulling, the mere bearing of it has ceased to confer that distinction in the eye of the artist which it once possessed. Nowadays a Government award of wall space is the ambition of the painter. So that Cormon is thus placed among the

elect. I well remember the discussion caused by Cormon's "Raising of Cain," shown in the Salon of 1880, which was purchased by the State for the Luxembourg upon the opening day, and about which the students gathered in an excited group, gesticulating after the manner of their kind. Thereafter Cormon was exalted in the Latin Quarter over bouillebaisse and burgundy.

The very first of the prehistoric pictures which I remember to have seen from Cormon was the "Stone Age," exhibited at the Salon in 1884; painted in a very high key and brushed in with great distinction. This picture is now in the Museum of Fine Arts at Quimper in Brittany, and is well known through reproductions published in the illustrated papers.

It now remains for Cormon to be "discovered" by the dealers in this country and to have the shops display his studies. Meanwhile, in his studio in the Boulevard d'Enfer a short, ruddy bearded man, with a pale face and piercing eyes, toils away at his huge canvases, surrounded by heaps of skins, stone axes, armlets of turquoise and coral, shields and spears, all unmindful of the awakening of the New World to his attainments in this series of wall paintings just placed in the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes.

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OREGON GOSSIP

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S
WEEKLY)

BAHIA, Nov. 3, 1898

THE return of the Oregon to the Pacific,
now that Cervera's fleet no longer
menaces, may convey no idea of hard-
ship to those who have never made a long sea
voyage or are unacquainted with the condi-
tions which then exist on a battleship. All
felt, on the eastward trip, that if the Spaniards
had decided on a vigorous campaign, they
would try to intercept the Oregon, and just
such a state of instant readiness existed on
her as if it was known beyond a doubt that
sooner or later she would meet the Spanish
ships. There was no alarm or excitement,
only the constant study of ways and means
for developing every resource and nullifying
as far as possible the superiority of the enemy.
This in itself did much to relieve the monotony,
and the conviction that whatever befell the
ship she would still take an active and glori-
ous part in the war, made it easy to bear the
many discomforts.

The long return voyage, however, presents
no such goal even to the most visionary.
There must be months of steaming under a
tropical sun, with the living spaces below
growing ever hotter and less habitable. With
no news or hope of obtaining any, the con-
versation of the sprightliest in time becomes
as insipid as the food. There is no refrigera-
tor-room for ship's society—it becomes in time
undeniably stale.

Within four days after leaving New York,
the hatches being closed on account of bad
weather, the heat below was so great and the
air so foul that men having night watch pre-
ferred remaining on deck all night to going
below when off duty. And when, as was the
case for two consecutive days and nights, the
upper decks were constantly flooded with rain
and spray, they found their broken rest
stretched on the steel decks rather than stifle
in their closely-swung hammocks. This must
make clear that whatever the capabilities of
the ship, they have only been exhibited
through the courage and endurance of her
uncomplaining crew.

The first event of importance after leaving
port—but then any event is of importance on
a long voyage—chiefly concerns the affairs of
the Lady Georgiana Dewey Oregon. The
Lady Georgiana was sent to the ship by a
mutual friend a short time before leaving New
York. Her usual manner was gracious and
her bearing on the quarterdeck, where she
often took the sun, was so dignified and full
of conscious rectitude as at times to make return-
ing liberty men uncomfortable. In fact, it is
known that one man apologized to her for his
condition. He had explored the country as
far as a place called Cooper's Institute and
was tired. She showed no great interest in
this explanation, receiving it in chill silence,
gazing stonily far away beyond the culprit,
just as any other lady would have done.

It now appears, however, that the Lady
Georgiana, herself, had a past.
She was very dainty in her habits and tried
one after another the pillow of every ward-
room officer for her afternoon nap. She was
never disturbed, as her presence was felt to
be a flattering discrimination; besides it might
bring good luck. Deciding, however, to retire
from society for a while, she finally selected a
box lined with waste in the captain's pantry,
and there Oishi, the little steward, will now
show you, with true Japanese courtesy and
much personal interest, three tiny black kit-
tens—"Very like their mamma, only they can't
see yet."

Some of those who visited the Oregon may
recall another interesting member of the ship's
company, General Blanco Denis, captured on
the Cristobal Colon. Whether it was due to
overindulgence in dainties while at the navy
yard, or merely his Spanish nature asserting
its abhorrence and unfitness for life at sea, it
is certain that the General was the first on
board ship to pay his tribute to Neptune. This
was discovered by a blustering apprentice,
who fell over him without eliciting any protest.

Although since his capture the General has
been wholly occupied with affairs of his own,
he has nevertheless found many friends, and
now in his distress they have stood by him
loyally and tried to help.

An effort was first made to coax his mind
to thoughts of happier days. His head was laid
on a wet swab and a fine mealy potato rubbed
over his nose; it had no effect whatever. The
petty officers' cook, full of sympathy, then
placed a tin of onion soup where its aroma
would steal gently up his nostrils. Denis
actually moved his head off the swab to get
away from the fragrant offering.

This was serious; when a Spanish stomach
loathes onions the collapse must be wellnigh
complete. It was felt that other and harsher
means must be used to arouse the invalid.
Long before it had been noticed that nothing
was more certain to divert the General's atten-
tion—to excite his anger and terror at one and

the same time—than the sight of a hose nozzle.
It was thought that in this respect, too, he
showed his Spanish blood, objecting strongly
to a cold bath in the morning watch, or for
that matter at any other time.

There were some objections made on the
score of cruelty, but these disappeared in the
absence of other suggestions. A spare nozzle
was taken from a rack and the empty tube
pointed squarely at poor Denis's weeping eyes.
The effect was immediate. He raised his head
violently in defiance and started a vigorous
sneal, that quickly died away in his throat
with a groan, as he dropped his head heavily
on the deck and closed his eyes. Evidently
he felt his end was near and that it no longer
mattered how he left this unstable world—
even though washed out of it.

The General was certainly in a bad way,
and it was unanimously decided that he had
better see the doctor. This was a surrender
of forecastle methods and prejudices as to the
treatment of *mal de mer*, which landsmen can
hardly appreciate. A deputation from the first
division went down to the dispensary with the
urgency of their mission written in every line
of their faces. Their appeal was successful,
and shortly the prescription appeared in regula-
tion style—a neat little tumbler covered with
a cap of white paper, which some, posing as
versed in the polite arts, affect to regard as a
napkin.

Denis did not resist much, although two men
helped him control himself while a third poured
the dose down his throat. It certainly did him
good, for after lying quietly a long time he sat
up dejectedly, wagging his head in time with
the roll of the ship. Then, as the increasing
sea made the forecastle dangerous, the last
Spanish prisoner of war was tenderly pat-
ted, stood on his feet and gently steered into the
superstructure—as sick and despondent a
little pig as ever went to sea.

The ship had steamed steadily through rain
and storm into the tropics, but the trade-wind
blowing steadily from the eastward and north-
ward tempered the heat, on deck at least, until
it seemed like June weather at home.

At times sheets of spray still swept the fore-
castle, so that the superstructure was crowded
with workmen—busy, but quiet. Along the
hammock berthing were rows of sewers with
their small hand-machines; the carpenters
were planing and fitting at their bench, the
blacksmith's forge in the gallery was sending
a shower of sparks to leeward, and on the
bottle gratings the rapid-fire guns' crews were
cleaning and oiling to remove the last traces of
the storm. On one side a number of apprentices
were making sennet, and near them,
stitching away with palm and needle at a torn
boat-cover, sat an old seaman—a regular old
shellbark. Over all the bright sunlight, sift-
ing down between boats and awnings, bright-
ened the shadows with a golden mosaic. The
General, now convalescent, lay sleeping at the
side of the sailmaker.

A landsman, lately transferred from the
hospital ship Solace, strolled up to the sleep-
ing General and, after a long stare at him,
announced generally, "What he wants is a
stimulus." There is an etiquette forward as
well as aft, only the best introduction is a
matter of works rather than asserted knowl-
edge, so the sailmaker received this edifying
remark with calm inattention. The landsman
felt the rebuff, but an apprentice lessened its
force—

"Maybe; but there isn't a drop of it for-
ward."

The Solace man was grateful for the chance
to disclose himself.

"I don't mean whisky. A stimulus may be
lots of things—pepper, ammonia, or—or—for
example, blisters."

"Blisters?" exploded the sailmaker, "as if
nobody but a sick bayman knew what a stimu-
lus is. A stimulus is a glass of whisky, that's
what. Blisters? Why?" and McKay laid
down his work disgustedly. "I never been a
bayman, but I've been sick and got my
stimulus too. Who ever heard of a doctor
prescribing blisters except when he thought
a man ought to go back to work and didn't
want to? Perfect rest in a hammock; no
reading, no talking, and blisters to think of!
—in twenty-four hours holystoning is a joy.
The General is different; he'd work—that's
eating, of course—if he could, but he hasn't
the heart to do anything." An apprentice,
doubtless in sympathy for the ex-sicknurse,
spoke up:

"I guess, McKay—he means the General
needs to be stirred out of himself; I heard
once if people would only imagine themselves
on shore they'd never be seasick!"

"He's stirred enough out of himself as it
is," growled McKay. "Seems to me, since
these war colleges an' auxiliary navy men,
to say nothin' of California grape-pickers," with
a glance at the apprentices, "came aboard
the ship's fuller of wild zebras than sailors
men."

"Grapes?" said a small sweeper, leaning on
his broom, "how I wish I had some! Why,
I've seen bunches at home almost as long as
I am."

"California may grow grapes, but it hasn't

down with tall apprentices yet," answered McKay. The little fellow screwed up his face sadly.

"I'm not done growing yet. Why, I'm just begun at the time buying trousers, and I can't button my blue moustering ones now without help." The sailmaker glanced at him more indulgently.

"I can't the size of your waistband that'll make a man of you; if your brain would only keep you in less than no time."

"How can I help that?" said the apprentice. "You didn't always know as much as you do now. Besides, it's all luck; they never examine me on what I know."

"That's the way nowadays," growled the sailmaker; "a youngster tries to know just as little as possible, save devilry, and get along. It won't be long before the government'll have to run its ships by contract to keep the navy from flying to pieces."

"Hold!" said another boy. "I guess Cervera thought the navy was flying to pieces when the old Oregon headed for him."

"Maybe, maybe," said McKay, "but Cervera don't make no rule; he had no plan, and I've noticed that when a man wants to do something and don't know what, and tries to do it, he's very apt to make a flit of it."

"Yes, that's so," said a stalwart seaman who had gone to Cape Sabine in '84. "There's Schley, the Government told him to go an' get Greedy; he knew what he had to do, so he went an' done it." The sweeper was still paddling north. "You remember when the Colon went ashore? Commodore Schley passed in his barge, and he stood up and sung out, 'You're the boys that did it; you're my boys.'"

"That's just what a girl on a yacht said to the fellows in the second division on the day of the naval parade," said another apprentice. "What did they say back?"

"Oh! nothing. It seemed to rattle them; they looked kinder scared. My! she was a dandy, though! She had red hair an' a green dress, and she shook her hand at those Dutchmen aft as if she was going to board with a cheer."

"An' they never said a word back?"

"Not a word. I tell you she was fine. Seeing her made me tired of looking at other people the rest of the day, but I never saw her again."

"I guess not," said McKay; "her folks probably took her right home after that performance."

"Well, the fellows ain't always so quiet," said the sweeper. "Do you remember when the Colon hauled down her colors? She was running like a scared dog and hunting for a soft place on the beach. Our band got up on the forward 13-inch turret. I never see such a sight in my life. There wasn't a whole suit of clothes in the lot. One fireman came up from below so covered with sweat and coal dust that it jammed the keys of his horn. He couldn't make more than a squeak, but he played on."

"Yes, and there was the boatswain's mate of the first division; he was beating the bass drum with both hands and yelling as hard as he could at the same time. The fellow who played the big horn came from after 13-inch turret; he just sounded 'rump-rump-rump-rump' as loud as he could, and kept it up."

"What were they playing?"

"Oh! I don't know; I think the leader was trying to whip them into 'The Warmest Baby in the Bunch,' but a cornet was no good in leading the band that day; you needed a club."

"Captain Clark didn't mind it a bit, did he? He stood upon the pilot-house waving his cap and laughing. I never thought to see such goings-on aboard a ship before," said the small sweeper.

"There ain't many men can play a big horn like that gunner's mate," said another. "Why, in a solo he could fairly make the deck shake. They'll miss him when they start the band up again."

"Why, was he transferred?"

"Naw, he run. You see, he came back from liberty and with him was a little bit of a woman all in black. She stuck to his elbow like wax, too. I was on messenger watch, standing by the officer of the deck, and this fellow comes to the mast and, says he, 'I want to see the captain.' An' the executive standing near, says, 'What do you want to see him about?' An' the fellow says, 'My grandma died last night, an' I've always been in the first-class conduct, sir, an' I want to nail her down respectable like.'"

"Naw her down?"

"Yes, that's what he said. Well, the captain came on deck an' the executive looked mighty solemn. Says he, 'Cap'n, there's a dreadful mortality among the relatives of the crew; there's three funerals of sisters, one of a brother, and a whole slew of cousins all taking place to-day; besides, there are two sick wives and three mothers not expected to live.' 'Well,' said the cap'n, 'what does the man want?' 'Oh, his grandmother

is dead.' 'Humph!—grandmother; there may be something in that,' said the captain. And the fellow at the mast spoke up, 'I've allers been first-class, an' I want to nail her—' but the woman twitched his sleeve an' stopped him. 'Well,' said the captain, 'if his conduct is all right, let him go.' 'Thank you, captain, thank you,' said the little woman, an' she bowed an' smiled an' looked as happy as if it was a picnic 'stead of a funeral they was going to."

"Do you think his grandma was dead?" asked an apprentice.

"Naw; all his folks lived in Seattle. I guess that little woman put him up to it, for he never came back."

"That's it," growled McKay; "women's the ruination of the navy. What with their drivin' to sea poor-spirited creatures who can't hold their own at home, an' these red-haired girls, sick sisters an' dead grandmas enticing the good men on shore, the time ain't far off when Uncle Sam'll have to rent his ships out or run 'em on a mud bank to keep 'em safe."

"Well, I don't care," said the small sweeper. "I'd never kill off any of my folks to go on liberty; I couldn't bear to do it."

A. A. ACKERMAN, U.S.N.

MARKETING AT PONCE, PUERTO RICO

(See Front-page Picture)

THE markets of the Puerto Rican cities were revelations to army officers who made haste to supplement ordinary military stores with the products of the country. To the market-places come all natives of the cities and surrounding country who have anything to sell, and the stock-in-trade of these dealers is sometimes so small that any one accustomed to American markets wonders that the dealers can see gain in the business. A colored woman walks to town with one chicken and three eggs; a man tramps several miles to sell six ears of corn or a single melon. They are patient, dignified people, too; having found sitting-places and lighted cigarettes, they will remain for hours, if need be, until they dispose of their goods. The American demand for articles by the dozen or half-peck is to them an unfathomable mystery.

Meanwhile the American buyer, no matter how little he may need of any article, has to purchase the entire stock of two or three dealers. Work of this kind takes time; yet as refrigerators and ice are scarce in Puerto Rico the day's marketing must be done before breakfast, so the buyer is assured of a brisk walk, a long wait, and a good appetite before sitting down to his first meal of the day.

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But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

Overfield seemed to be, barring Hare, almost the only man on the Pennsylvania team who throughout the season kept up a consistent, steady advance. It is even more creditable to Overfield that he was able to perform such excellent center work from the fact that physically he is not heavy enough to be on an equality with the men he is likely to face. It was necessary, therefore, for him to make up with skill what he lacked in pounds. This he did, playing a hard, vigorous and thoroughly scientific center throughout the season. And, with the exception of the last few minutes of the Cornell game, lasting through his games in spite of the handicap. He is one of the speediest centers we have ever had, and, under usual conditions, accurate and always careful. Flanked by two big guards, who can with their weight help him out, he plays an ideal game. His tackling is first-class and his getting down the field under kicks remarkable, when one considers his position and the way in which most centers stand still after snapping the ball and let the rest of the line men do the running. My own feeling has always been that men of the type of Overfield and Lewis, the old Harvard center, might be fully as effective if played at tackle. However, although Harvard hammered Boal and Reid straight into Overfield when he was being practically held down in close quarters by big Jaffray, the gains were so modest that, after battering out some twenty yards or so, they changed. That showed Overfield's caliber, and he has always demonstrated his exceptional ability.

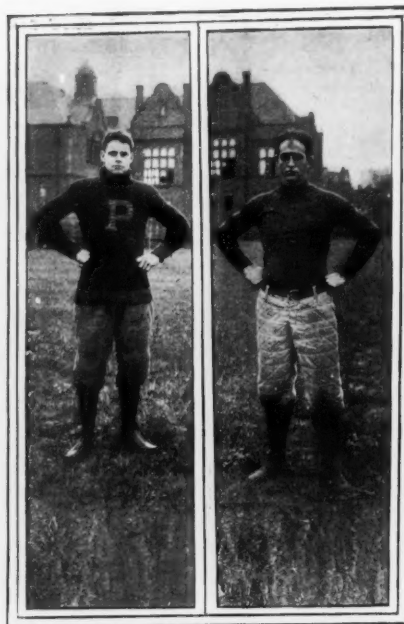
Cunningham of Michigan deserves mention in this connection, and the game he put up against Cavanaugh showed that he is to be classed among the good ones of this year. He is strong and active, never lets up, and keeps his man on the go from the very start. Cavanaugh of Chicago gave Overfield plenty of work, and while perhaps not as quick on his feet, certainly exhibited a remarkable ability in checking plays in his vicinity, and, added to this, got the ball back with the greatest accuracy of any center of the year, save possibly Jaffray. The latter, during the two half times that he played in big matches—namely, the Pennsylvania and Yale games—exhibited form of the highest class, and had he played out both games, displaying the same ability, would have displaced Overfield. There is no line man to-day who could so exasperatingly occupy space and prevent the opposing center and one guard oftentimes from getting into the play as could this tall and strong product of Cambridge. Burnett, Jaffray's understudy, was quick and strong, but we shall have a chance to see him develop further, and Daly did not seem to handle his snapping as easily as he did Jaffray's. Booth of Princeton was a safe player, and Yale could find no way through the middle of Princeton's line, for with Edwards and Crowdis the trio was absolutely impregnable.

Daly has earned the right to be QUARTERS classed as one of the best quarters who has ever passed a ball. He has all the requisites that go to make up the man for such a position. He is steady, he drives his men well, he tosses an easy ball to handle, and he thinks of every play. Besides this, his tackling—note two particular instances, that of McCracken in the Pennsylvania game and that of Ely in the Yale game—is certain and deadly. Finally, he can handle the ball when it is kicked by the opponents, can run it in or can punt it a long, hard drive down the field when it is necessary to return it. All in all, the man who would try to improve upon Daly as a quarter-back would either not know Daly or else be ignorant of the requirements of the place.

In quarter-backs, after Daly of Harvard, Kennedy of Chicago and Kromer of West Point deserve the place. Both were steady men, Kennedy the stronger on plays in offense and defense where weight was required, but Kromer offsetting this by his added ability to kick. Hudson of the Carlisle team continued his exceptional work as an accurate drop-kicker, and one that could be relied upon in actual contests.

Young of Cornell and Ely of Yale both exhibited under trying circumstances the qualities and the skill that might have earned them the place under different conditions, but both these men had too much to do in the way of work outside their positions on account of the weaknesses of their own team, and thus marred their showing in a measure. Smith of Union was a man who on a larger team would have made his mark. Owens of Kansas and Griffith of Iowa both did clever work, the former being especially strong in advancing the ball. Further West, Murphy of Stanford, though with a game leg, did some hard playing upon a defeated team. His run, when he caught his own high punt and redeemed his poor kick by carrying the ball some eighty yards, was enough to entitle him to mention.

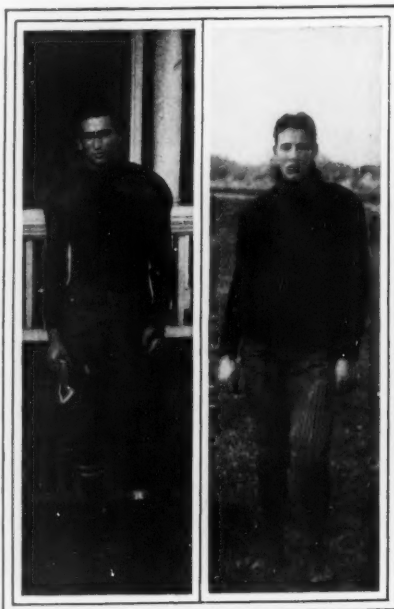
Dibblee is one of those men who HALF-BACKS are naturally football players. Of medium build, compact and strong, he has within him that spirit which seems to be more than matter, and which acts as a steel spring within him when he starts on a run. He is fast, a good dodger, and seldom fumbles. He is a good catcher and a fair interferer, that part of his play being especially good in assisting a single runner in a broken-up field. Mated with Daly, the two men make the safest as well as the most certain combination of players behind the line that any team has had in a long time. He has improved in following interference, and is able to make use of it in

HARE (TACKLE),
Pennsylvania.OUTLAND (CAPTAIN),
Pennsylvania.

scrummage plays, while his natural dodging and shifting for himself when once well started or in a broken field make him doubly dangerous to his opponents.

Outland showed himself one of the best general runners that ever stood behind a line. By this I particularly mean that he could either buck the line or go out around the end. Besides that, he was cool when once under headway, and had the weight and strength to throw off a man when necessary. In two important games by exceptional runs he turned the tables in Pennsylvania's favor when they were behind. And, after all, that is what we must judge by—not what a player might do, but what he did do, and in this Outland stands forth without challenge as next to and very close to Dibblee.

Herschberger was played by Chicago as a half-back, but it has come to be the fact that the three men behind the line are practically interchangeable, and a half-back must be regarded in the same light as a full-back. Warren of Harvard, after Dibblee and Outland, supposing that Herschberger on account of his kicking is classed as a full-back, would be called a close second, although Richardson of Brown, Raymond of Wesleyan, Benedict of Nebraska, McLean and Widman of Michigan, and, when in shape, Reiter of Princeton all push him closely. Whiting of Cornell, had it not been for his injury, which for a time incapacitated him, and which certainly detracted very materially from his ability in the latter half of the season, would have pushed Outland hard, and would have been ranked very close to Dibblee. Crolius of Dartmouth put up a strong game. Durston of Yale as a line-bucker pure and simple was the strongest of the entire lot, but his more natural position was that of tackle, and he has not the speed for circling runs, which must be regarded as part of the equipment of a half-back to-day. Waldron of

PALMER (END),
Princeton.HALLOWELL (END),
Harvard.

West Point is likewise a strong line-plunger, and Dudley of Yale, upon the one or two occasions when he was in condition, showed some of his old-time form. Townshend of Yale was light, but very promising until he hurt his knee. Gordon of Buffalo, Wilcox of Syracuse, and Folger of Hobart are all men who would be noticed if they had powerful line men in front of them. Both the captains of the Pacific Coast teams were good half-backs, Fisher at Stanford a sturdy line-bucker, but Hall at Berkeley the better ground-gainer.

Herschberger of Chicago, in his FULL-BACKS performance against Pennsylvania, exhibited the best all-around kicking of the season, punting, place-kicking and drop-kicking with equal accuracy and facility. Barring O'Dea of Wisconsin, he is the longest kicker, so far as public form is concerned, of the year. To say that O'Dea can outdistance him is a statement that will make those in the East open their eyes, but it is nevertheless a fact. But in running and other points of a position behind the line, Herschberger is conceded to be the better man; in fact, it ought to be enough praise for one man to be able to outpunt such a kicker as Herschberger. The tackling of the latter in the Pennsylvania match was not quite up to the standard, but the work he had to do, coming as it did principally in the second half, and when his line was letting men come through more than they should, was sufficiently trying to stand as a fair measure of excuse. With Palmer and Hollowell to cover his kicks and prevent running back, he could let out another link, and the team that had to meet his kicking game would needs make the most of themselves to equal the gains. With the demonstration given the kicking game this season all players will realize what it means to a team to have a kicker who can be relied upon to send the ball high enough for his ends, and yet cover over fifty-five yards with accuracy and consistency. This, with the ends named, would mean the certain encroachment of ten to fifteen yards on every interchange with the forty or forty-five yard punter, and, other things being equal, the final victory. Or, to turn it another way, Herschberger has demonstrated in actual contest with first-class teams, notably in the match with Pennsylvania, and under trying conditions, that it is not safe to give him a kick from a fair catch anywhere from forty-five to fifty-five yards of the opponent's goal. Owing to his superiority in punting, it must devolve upon the opponents to kick out, and there are very few backs who can send the ball beyond the middle of the field, and certainly not if kicking against the wind.

Of the men who occupied the position of full-back, O'Dea, with his tremendous punting power, would be a factor on any team. Reid of Harvard, Romeyn of West Point, and Wheeler of Princeton showed the most general and even consistency of work. But Haughton did most of Reid's kicking and Wheeler was not in shape to play until nearly the end of Princeton's season. McBride, erratic in his punts, was an exceptional man on interference and defensive play. Slaker of Chicago, Bray of Lafayette, Irvin of Nebraska, Cure of Pennsylvania State, and Perry of Northwestern, all showed good qualities.

ALL-AMERICA TEAMS FROM 1880 TO 1898

1880	1890
Cummock, Harvard.	Hallowell, Harvard.
Cowan, Princeton.	Newell, Harvard.
Cranston, Harvard.	Riggs, Princeton.
George, Princeton.	Cranston, Harvard.
Heffelfinger, Yale.	Heffelfinger, Yale.
Gill, Yale.	Rhodes, Yale.
Stagg, Yale.	Warren, Princeton.
Poe, Princeton.	Dean, Harvard.
Lee, Harvard.	Corbett, Harvard.
Channing, Princeton.	McClung, Yale.
Ames, Princeton.	Homans, Princeton.
1891	1892
Hinkey, Yale.	Hinkey, Yale.
Winter, Yale.	Wallis, Yale.
Heffelfinger, Yale.	Waters, Harvard.
Adams, Pennsylvania.	Lewis, Harvard.
Riggs, Princeton.	Wheeler, Princeton.
Newell, Harvard.	Newell, Harvard.
Hartwell, Yale.	Hallowell, Harvard.
King, Princeton.	McCormick, Yale.
Lake, Harvard.	Brewer, Harvard.
McClung, Yale.	King, Princeton.
Homans, Princeton.	Thayer, Pennsylvania.
1893	1894
Hinkey, Yale.	Hinkey, Yale.
Lea, Princeton.	Waters, Harvard.
Wheeler, Princeton.	Wheeler, Princeton.
Lewis, Harvard.	Stillman, Yale.
Hickok, Yale.	Hickok, Yale.
Newell, Harvard.	Lea, Princeton.
Trenchard, Princeton.	Gelbert, Pennsylvania.
King, Princeton.	Ades, Yale.
Brewer, Harvard.	Knipe, Pennsylvania.
Morse, Princeton.	Brooke, Pennsylvania.
Butterworth, Yale.	Butterworth, Yale.
1895	1896
Cabot, Harvard.	Cabot, Harvard.
Lea, Princeton.	Church, Princeton.
Wharton, Pennsylvania.	Wharton, Pennsylvania.
Bull, Pennsylvania.	Gailey, Princeton.
Riggs, Princeton.	Woodruff, Pennsylvania.
Murphy, Yale.	Murphy, Yale.
Gelbert, Pennsylvania.	Gelbert, Pennsylvania.
Wyckoff, Cornell.	Fincke, Yale.
Thorne, Yale.	Wrightington, Harvard.
Brewer, Harvard.	Kelly, Princeton.
Brooke, Pennsylvania.	Baird, Princeton.
1897	1898
Cochran, Princeton.	Palmer, Princeton.
Chamberlin, Yale.	Hillebrand, Princeton.
Hare, Pennsylvania.	Brown, Yale.
Doucette, Harvard.	Overfield, Pennsylvania.
Brown, Yale.	Hare, Pennsylvania.
Outland, Pennsylvania.	Chamberlin, Yale.
Hall, Yale.	Hallowell, Harvard.
De Saulles, Yale.	Daly, Harvard.
Dibblee, Harvard.	Dibblee, Harvard.
Kelly, Princeton.	Outland, Pennsylvania.
Minds, Pennsylvania.	Herschberger, Chicago.



Picture by our Staff Photographer, James H. Hare
Meyer of Columbia

Southard of Harvard

INTERCOLLEGIATE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27-31, 1898

ICE-HOCKEY Yale is starting in on her hockey season much more systematically than ever before. In previous years the men have trained but little, if at all; the team has not been uniformed, and the interest, except so far as the actual players were concerned, was uncertain. This year the game is being taken more seriously. The management is active in providing suitable opportunities for practice, the candidates are being tried out in business-like fashion, the team is uniformed (although why black is the predominant color instead of the traditional blue does not appear), and the record for 1898-99 seems likely to be the best since Yale first took up the game.

Her games in New York in December were full of promise, especially in view of the prominence of her opponents and the fact that she was trying out new material.

Among the most likely of all the new men are Delafield, H. Stoddard, Spencer and Easton of the freshman class, all of whom were used in the two New York games. Delafield is an ex-Cutler school player, H. Stoddard a brother of the captain and a Bridgeport boy, Spencer a St. Paul's (Concord) player, and Easton came from the Albany (N. Y.) high school, thus illustrating the growth and extent of the new game.

In addition to these, Brock of the University crew, Campbell, Cox, Palmer, Smith, and Barnett, all of whom played last year, will be available. As John Hall and possibly other former Yale players will coach the squad, it will be seen that the New Haven men will have good backing.

The game against St. Nicholas was the opening contest of the season. It needed no expert observer to determine that fact. Team play was used with more penurious frugality than one would have supposed possible, and it seemed like inflicting a personal insult for one player to attempt any such thing as co-operation with another. Indignities of that sort were heaped upon Captain Stoddard two or three times and goals resulted from two of them. For the greater part, however, the players would go it alone, the St. Nicholas men putting up the worst hockey ever charged against their club. Of the old players, Larned, Slocom, and Callender were present, and so were Pope and Livingston, substitute forwards last year. O'Connor and Inman, who have appeared on one or two previous occasions, and Irving Brokaw, brand-new to the team, also ran. The absence of Barron, who is still sick, and of Wrenn, who is now permanently located in Chicago, had the effect of quite unsettling the attack of the team, although Callender was individually aggressive. Larned played in Wrenn's old place, but it will not be so well filled as last year if he stays there; for Larned, while a wonderful tennis player, is not so good at hockey. His inability to play co-operatively in tennis doubles is apparent also in his hockey work, and last year he exhibited a tendency to be out of his place.

Yale's play was always snappy and aggressive, all of the men working hard. Palmer and Sanford Stoddard were particularly active and Stoddard's dodging was the best part of the evening's play. The score was 5-3 in favor of St. Nicholas.

Against the N. Y. A. C. Yale's form improved remarkably. Indeed, if they had put up such a game against St. Nicholas they would have won. Evidently they are men quick to learn, their skating being surer and swifter, and their team play improving immeasurably over the first night's form. The new men used their heads as well as their feet, many pretty passes resulting. Yale's game was much more systematic than New York's, the latter's victory being due to greater individual experience and ability.

The play was kept well mixed up and the puck was in New York territory quite as much as in Yale's. Shots at New York's goal were also plentiful, but, as this feature was Yale's weak point, there were no tallies secured.

Yale's need of practice and coaching in this department of play is very great. The shots lack speed, direction and style. In the game against Brooklyn, December 26, however, there was some improvement along these lines, although the Brooklyn team won with ease, 9-4.

Any movement to develop hockey among the preparatory schools is wise and merits encouragement. In addition to our local league, of which Cutler, De La Salle, Sachs, Columbia Grammar, Drisler, and Berkeley schools were active members, the Philadelphia schools were similarly organized last year by George Orton, their league including De Lancey, Hamilton, Haverford Grammar, Friends' Central, Central Manual Training, Penn Charter and Eastburne Academics. In this series Haverford Grammar School won handsomely. The same teams will play again this year.

As to the season just opening, The Lexington Avenue Ice Palace is now given over to prize-fighters, so that all our local games must be played either in the St. Nicholas or Clermont Avenue rinks.

The changes in the personnel of the teams are, briefly stated, about as follows:

The N. Y. A. C. loses MacCrae, and the loss is no light one. The leading candidate for his place seems to be young Roberts of Columbia.

The St. Nicholas team loses Bob Wrenn, who is in business in Chicago, and probably Captain Barron, who is very ill.

The Hockey Club loses Curnen, who is in the regular army.

The Skating Club of Brooklyn loses John Hall, who, by coaching the Carlisle Indians last fall, made himself ineligible.

The Montclair's lose Gus Hornfeck, who has developed heart trouble, and, perhaps, big Parly, who is a traveling salesman and therefore not always avail-

able. They also lose Jacobus, last year's goal, but either Miller or Sheffield will fill his place.

Infrequency of opportunity for practice is the greatest drawback to the development of expert combination play. This fact alone is enough to keep our players below the best Canadian form, but in spite of that there is every reason to predict for the game, during the coming season, greater excellence on the part of the players and a still firmer hold as the leading midwinter sport among those which excite the interest and command the patronage of gentlemen.

A Greater New York hockey team for last season, made up of men who played at any time during the season, would perhaps be as follows:

Wall, forward.	Fenwick, coverpoint.
Barron, forward.	Lynch, point.
Wallace, forward.	O'Donnell, goal.
Dobby, forward.	
Hall and M. Hornfeck, reserve forwards; Drysdale, reserve coverpoint; MacCrae, reserve goal-tend.	

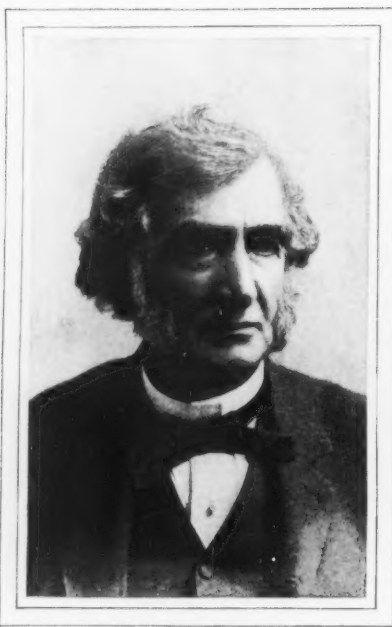
In the cases of Drysdale and MacCrae it must be confessed that, as compared with the players named for those places on the first team, it is a case of being "happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away."

WALTER CAMP.

(Next week CANADIAN FOOTBALL, by Edward Bayly of Toronto.)

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHESS TOURNAMENT

ONE of the foremost chess fixtures within these last seven years has been the annual intercollegiate chess tournament, which has annually been played between two representatives from the four universities—Columbia, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. True, nobody will put these contests in the same class with those national and international chess tourneys which are being played in this and other countries, nobody will for a moment think that the games contested by the students of the "big four" universities can compare with the masterpieces created by our Pillsburys, Showalters, Laskers, Steinitzs, and Janowskis; still much importance has always been attached to the fights of the sons of alma mater because of their steadiness, their perseverance, and their goodwill, and because chess players at large, and particularly those in the metropolis, see what they will have to expect from the rising generation in the realms of the royal pastime. The intercollegiate tournaments have, so far, brought to the front two men who are likely to play an important part in American chess; in fact, one of them, Edward Hymes, a graduate of Columbia, is already known as an American player of the first rank. He has represented this country in all the matches contested against Britain by cable, and he has made a record in not losing a game on the three occasions. He is looked upon as certain to again play for his country



Photograph by C. M. Bell, Washington

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

"The Father of the Senate." Died December 28.

next March. As to the other, E. E. Southard of Harvard, not too much praise can be bestowed on him. Although he has not had a chance to excel to such an extent as Hymes, still, those most competent to judge agree that he is a very strong player and one who is likely to give a good account of himself whenever he should be called upon to defend the honor of his country on the checkered boards.

Southard has, as far as the intercollegiate tournaments are concerned, eclipsed the performance of Hymes. While the latter in 1892 and 1893 only scored 11½ wins, Southard has made a clean score in 1896, 1897 and 1898, by winning all his games; namely, 18—a wonderful record for so young a man. Under those circumstances the victory of Harvard in the seventh annual tournament, which concluded Saturday, December 31, did not come as a surprise for the initiated ones; the less so because Southard had a college mate who also promises great things in the near future and one who acquitted himself at his debut during last week with honor. C. F. C. Arensburg greatly assisted Southard in taking away the coveted trophy. He only lost one game to L. A. Cook of Yale, drew two games with K. G. Falk of Columbia and A. M. Webb of Yale, and won the rest of his games. Thus Harvard won 10 points in all.

Columbia again stuck to the second place. Her representatives on this occasion were two young men of considerable talent. Her senior player, A. S. Meyer, had already shown his skill last year. He is a fine combination player, but lacks experience, and is too impetuous withal. A little more steadiness and he would have given a better account of himself. Still, he beat both the Princeton and Yale men, and lost to both Southard and Arensburg. K. G. Falk, the junior member of the team, did wonderful work for a debutant. He only lost one game to Southard, divided honors with Arensburg, and defeated the rest of the players in short order. This young player got his training when playing in previous years in the interscholastic tournaments in this city, winning a handsome trophy for having made the highest individual score among the boys.

When it was announced that Princeton would send two men—namely, J. A. Ely and A. S. Weston—nothing at all could be given out by the knowing ones, neither could anything be ascertained of their respective records. It was said that they were the winners of the preliminary tournament among the students of Princeton, and that was all. They only won three games between them. They both beat Cook of Yale, and Weston also disposed of Webb; all the other games were lost by them. Of the two, Ely was certainly the most enterprising player, and it was he who played the best game against Southard. No doubt these men will do better on future occasions, as experience and study will do much to improve their standard of play.

Poor Yale had to be satisfied with the last place. L. A. Cook, the senior member, was scarcely in form. He was not well a short time ago, and he was also busy with his examinations. Unfortunately, the Yale men engaged a coach and the latter did rather too much in the way of coaching. Cook maintained that this did him a lot of harm. He only won one game against Arensburg, while his partner, A. M. Webb, did a little better by winning a game against Ely and drawing one with Arensburg.

Altogether, the tournament, which was begun on December 24 and finished on the last day of the year, was a great success, inasmuch as it has shown that there is plenty of enthusiasm among the coming generation for the noble game of chess, and that in time to come America will be able to hold her own against any other country. Whether the American students, who are about to arrange a match with Oxford and Cam-

bridge on six boards, the moves to be transmitted by cable, will have a chance to win is something which cannot be foretold. Sufficient is it to say, that on form exhibited by Oxford and Cambridge last year, the British and American teams ought to make a good match.
HARTWIG CASSEL.

MANILA DOINGS

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

MANILA, Nov. 9, 1898

WHILE diplomacy is at work our army and navy here are playing a waiting game. Everything pertaining to military matters is now at a standstill here in Manila and soldier life has relapsed into the dull routine of barrack life, and is only interspersed by occasional outpost duty and much guard duty in the scorching sun. Through the day the sentries are kept busy dodging the sun's rays, which come straight down from the unclouded sky. There are also drills and parades in liberal installments. Occasionally a regiment marches out to the Luneta and there parades before the "main guys" of the army. The Luneta was the military parade ground as well as the public military execution ground under Spanish rule, and the spectacle of our soldiers parading there is in strange contrast with what the place formerly witnessed on certain occasions. From their prisons within the walls of the old city the former Spanish army, now prisoners of war, can look across the Luneta and see our soldiers at drill and on parade.

Since our officials have been in charge here they have been making a thorough investigation of the accounts of the former Spanish officials. It was known that the colonial rule of Spain here was rotten, but this investigation has revealed the fact that during the past decade over fifty million dollars of public funds have been appropriated; and a peculiar fact, to Americans, is that little or no attempt was made to cover up the evidence of the steals.

The work of raising the sunken Spanish craft in the Spanish naval graveyard in Manila Bay is now going on, our wreckers having succeeded in clearing the channel of the Pasig of the sunken craft, with which it was almost closed. Already three of the smaller vessels in the inner bay at Cavite have been floated. They will be added to our fleet here as transport or patrol boats. It will be impossible to raise all of the larger vessels sunk by Admiral Dewey. They are literally riddled with shot and will probably be blown up with dynamite.

The insurgents are very quiet just now, and are hidden out in the bamboo jungles and rice swamps, whither they fled when ordered back by our forces. Aguinaldo is proving himself a crafty leader, and correspondents who visit Malolos are unable to get any information from Aguinaldo. He will issue no passes to foreigners, but will permit them to travel through the country held by the insurgents. The trip via the railroad from Manila to Dagupan, an important seaport over one hundred and thirty miles north of Manila, is delightful; but at that point one is not permitted to leave the train, as the insurgents have strong fortifications here and it is a receiving point for arms, etc., which the insurgents are receiving from outside sources.

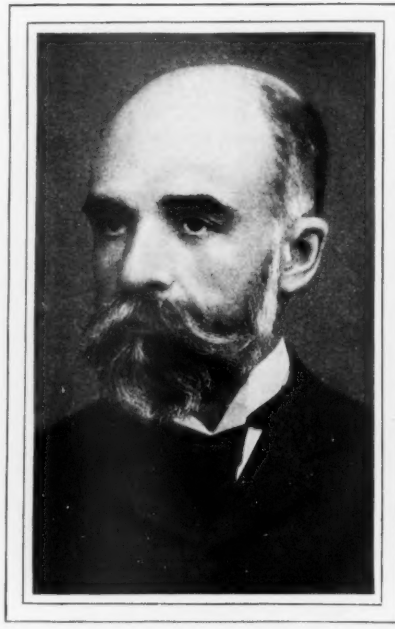
While there is really little danger of any serious trouble with the insurgents, it is certain that an armed conflict would result disastrously for the natives. Our men are anxious to be let loose against them, and if hostilities break out it is certain that we will not tolerate the bushwhacking methods which the natives used against the Spaniards. The possibility of a native uprising in the city is recognized by our leaders, for they are aware of the existence of a powerful secret organization, the outgrowth of the old Catapunan Society here in the city. But even this society will be of no great avail in case of hostilities.

Our sick list is daily on the increase. The climate is telling on the men. Our hospital is crowded. The Spanish hospital, now occupied by our hospital department, is located along the Pasig, and on low, damp ground. Our authorities are preparing to erect new hospital buildings, and these will be located out toward the mountains, in a healthier locality. We have had a dozen deaths from smallpox in the army already, and there are still a number of cases in the post-house, but there is little danger of an epidemic. The Red Cross representatives now here are doing a noble work.

Since our board of health has taken charge the physiognomy of Manila has been undergoing wonderful changes. Gangs of convicts are at work on the streets, and these are being cleaned up and put in fine shape. Manila would have some very fine streets, were it not for the dirt and filth which have accumulated for years—perhaps centuries.

The Pasig, which comes down from the interior and separates the old and the new city, is a noble stream. A dozen miles from its mouth is Lake Bai—a fine sheet of water. All along the river are fine native villages and noble groves of the profuse tropical fruits which grow here without the nurturing care of man. Along the Pasig, out in the San Miguel District, is the private residence of the Captain-General of the Philippines, and there are a number of consulate buildings and club-houses. The stream is spanned by three handsome bridges, and down beyond the Puente de Espana the stream is filled with the vessels of all nations. Above that bridge are myriads of native craft and a number of fleet launches.

American elections ten thousand miles from home are not common events, yet most of the troops here enjoyed one on Tuesday, and, although the polls did not open until 1 P. M. and closed at 4 P. M., our election was over long before the people began to vote in any part of the United States. The events of the election here



MATIAS ROMERO.

For many Years Mexican Minister to the United States. Died December 30.

were quite out of the ordinary home routine. Each company or organization chose its own election officers, and the polls were open in the quarters. The ballots were printed in blank, with the columns for the names of the different candidates to be voted for, and the lists of candidates were posted about the quarters. Special return books and entire election blanks were provided, and the Astor Battery here certainly gave Teddy Roosevelt the first votes he received last Tuesday.

There are many things about Manila to interest the soldier, and even if our army is kept here for two years there will be few of the men who will see everything of interest about the city. The newspaper colony, now located chiefly at the English Hotel on the Escolta, has little to do save enjoy *siestas*. The members have not even the exercise necessary to keep off the impulse to lapse into idleness that comes to every one who dwells here any length of time.

But this quietude cannot always last. It may be the calm before the storm. But whether we are brought face to face with foreign powers or are called upon to chase the natives through the jungles, it will matter little to our soldiers. It is inactivity which always kills, and this it is that is making greater inroads upon our army than the Dons made either here or in Cuba. And the Philippine mosquitoes are now growing fat on the blood of our soldiers. These bloodsuckers have drawn more blood than the Spaniards did here through the whole campaign, and they are not less feared by our men than were the Mausers. But matters are not so bad here in Manila as many would imagine, and our soldiers rightly look at matters from their brighter side.

W. G. I.

GARCIA

It is true, beyond all cavil, you have straightened him and laid him,
Mute and weary, meek and impotent and willing,
In the thorny-bosomed mesa, where the salt-mists whirl and sweep?
And ye say the Last Foe found him, fettered him, and lashed and bound him,
Bent the Victor, and uncrowned him—so you say, you weep?
This is true beyond all cavil, but I bid you answer this before ye weep:
Do you think that Death's cold fingers touched the vital depths of being?
Do you think that they had power to scathe his soul at all?
Do you think that any darkness can obscure his clear wide seeing?
Do you think a grave, so narrow, holds so great a heart in thrall?
Turn then, 'tis the salt-mists blind you, for a little let him sleep:
Sound "Good-night," for you go nightward, to the prison, to the battle,
To the field, where still in conflict, mighty powers crash and sweep—
Know, beyond a peradventure, he will break his prison-bars,
Rise at Dawn's loud reveille, that no murmur mars, Know that by to-morrow he will bivouac with the stars!
He will scale the Heights of Heaven, since our cause is right:
On peaceful plains will plan a Peace for us that shall endure,
To the holy hosts that aid us, he will lend his might— Such an one as he, in Heaven, makes our Victory secure!
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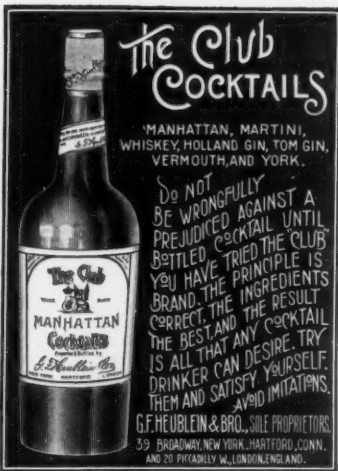
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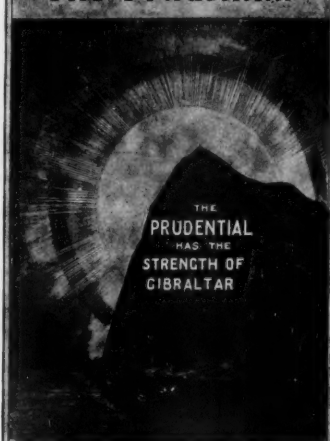
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